

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 7, No. 9 The Sheppard Publishing Co., (Ltd.) Proprietors.  
Office—No. 9 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, JANUARY 20, 1894.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 2c. Per Annum (in advance), \$2. } Whole No. 321

## The Nile Voyageurs.

A reporter of SATURDAY NIGHT, meeting Lieut.-Col. F. C. Denison, M.P., who commanded the Canadian Voyageurs on the Gordon Relief Expedition of 1881, asked him if he had read the Reminiscences of a Nile Voyageur by Charles Lewis Shaw in our Christmas Number.

"Yes, I did," replied the Colonel with sudden interest. "I read them and was much interested in his account of the expedition. It was very accurate. He draws on his imagination at times, of course, but we must expect that. His description of taking a rapid was very life-like, and the whole thing is told in most amusing terms. In fact, I was so pleased that I sent copies of your Christmas Number to different English officers high up in command of that expedition."

"Well, in this week's issue we continue Mr. Shaw's account of the trip. We will not repeat what has already appeared," said the reporter. "What is yet to appear will be complete in itself and the humor of it will make a sensation."

"I believe you," replied Col. Denison. "I am waiting with the greatest of interest for what is to come, and all who were on the expedition must be waiting with anticipations as keen as my own."

Everyone is taking the liveliest interest in these reminiscences, and critics declare them the best newspaper feature brought out here in years. See page 7.

## Around Town.

Everyone comes now and then in contact with an intense man who believes that the end of the world cannot be much longer deferred. This grand catastrophe has been predicted times innumerable during the past thousand years, and more people breathed easier after the mystic year 1881 had been safely lived through, than would now care to confess their sensations in regard to the matter. Some years ago in Canada the members of a certain sect assembled on the house-tops at a given time, expecting to ascend bodily into bliss before the great final climax occurred. Some unbelievers had the profane forethought to secure deeds of the property owned by some of the ascensionists before they repaired to the watch-towers—they not hesitating to testify to their faith in that practical fashion—and some still hold property acquired at that time and in that way. Nearly every man has an idea snugly stowed up within him, but never revealed to the cold eyes of his fellows, that the world will never have the same decent excuse for existing once he has gone from it. It is probably this principle, or rather this instinct, that has all through history made individuals and peoples so prone to believe the end of the world near at hand. Over in the States the members of a small religious sect are making noisy preparations for ascension into heaven some time next summer. They are preparing white robes and artificial wings with which to propel themselves upwards. Just what advantage they expect to derive from wings after they have passed the outer edge of the earth's atmosphere and emerge flapping and gasping in the vast realm of nothingness, is not apparent to science. But if we grant that their wings will be of service; that a path of atmosphere will be stretched out before them; that their physical bodies will make the flight by means of material wings, they should be apprised of the tremendous journey before them. In taking their material persons along they show that they anticipate a material heaven as their destination, and if we grant that the nearest material body in the solar system is their city of refuge, they have several hundred years of very fast flying ahead of them. If they are wise they will look well to their wings! I never scoff in speech or thought at sacred things, but feel that it reproves sacrifice to point out the nonsense of those who, with contrivances of their own creation, would aspire to wing infinite space.

Those who have prophesied an early end to the world and those who have put faith in such prophecies, have usually been extremely religious and sincere people, who quoted sacred writings in support of their belief. Looking to each quarter of their little horizon and seeing a church, looking about them and seeing the wheat separated from the tares, they can imagine no benefit from further delay. Yet if one believes that the "uttermost parts of the earth" shall be His inheritance; if one believes that the earth shall ever be christianized, he must conclude after examining statistics that this earth is only in its infancy. It is computed that there are four hundred millions of Christians in the world; that is, people who live in countries where Christianity is the dominant religion, or have been converted by missionaries in foreign lands. On the other hand, there are ten hundred millions who have never yet heard the story of the Cross, or having heard it still adhere to their former creeds. These figures, simplified, mean that five-sevenths of the earth's population are still anti-Christian, without counting the sceptical and unconverted of Europe and America. It is estimated that two hundred and fifty million people still habitually go naked and do not even build huts or tents to dwell in, but shelter beneath trees, thickets or rocks, and wander about. Seven hundred millions are said to wear little more than cloths about their loins and to dwell in huts and caves. Place these vast numbers of naked and semi-nude heathens alongside the comparatively small number of civilized Christians, and cease to boast about the broad light of the nineteenth century, drop the notion that the Great Scheme is almost complete. Mankind is young yet. Christianity is so far from its cradle. Science declares that this sphere has in it the vitality to maintain its present existence for endless ages to come; that vitality was created for a use, those ages will be

required in order to reclaim and exalt the race. Creeds that have existed since the dawn of life cannot be brushed aside in a day. There are five hundred millions of people who do not eat meat of any kind, and one hundred millions who eat meat but once a year. Religions that exert such restraints and whose devotees submit with holy zeal, cannot be talked out of existence by a few of our missionaries. It will require hosts, following hosts, persevering for ages. We are too apt to think that Europe and America constitute the earth, forgetting that the entire white population of the world only comprise one-fifth of its total inhabitants. Civilization and Christianity have so far done little better than hold their own; all the great work of conquest lies undone at their doors.

When one contemplates such figures—which are probably no more faulty than such estimates usually are—he must realize how narrow and ignorant and frenzied is the religion of those who expect and implore the end of the world at this time. If that utter catastrophe were to occur now it would mean that the Redemption was defeated, that civilization had failed, for the earth is as yet for the most part barbarian and, by a great majority, heathen.

more unfeeling master than any employer he ever worked for.

About a year ago a daily paper drew from the failure of a business man a moral that should be taken home by all young men. It stated that twenty years ago a young man held a position of trust in a big wholesale house at a salary of two thousand dollars a year. His salary had steadily increased to that figure during several years of employment with the same house, and there was every promise that it would still increase. He was unmarried, had finely furnished rooms, a fat bank account, and was happy and popular in his wide circle of acquaintance. But he decided to set up in business for himself, and did so. Soon the jolly fellow became a care-worn man, glued to his business night and day. After a few years he failed, but his friends rallied round and set him going once more. A few more years found his business again in liquidation, but again he was able to start anew, and by tremendous exertions he engineered a large trade for a few years, but for a third time he had to sink under his load and make an assignment. "And now," the paper said, "prematurely old at fifty, bowed, dispirited and unhealthy, he has turned over his last cent to his credit-

who make cartoons in this country, and the number of his admirers would never have diminished had he not abandoned the vantage-ground of a critic and caricaturist to take the most violent side in every social and political question that engrosses the country. Those who were not enthusiasts on temperance, single tax, Henry Georgeism-in-general, free trade and annexation all at once, took their doses of old *Grip* during Mr. Bengough's last year of management with feelings almost of nausea. If Mr. Bengough can shake himself loose from his trammels and ply a free crayon, he has the skill to win for the new *Grip* a place never occupied by the old *Grip* even in its palmiest days. The success of the paper should be a matter of national pride, but if it is run in the interests of a wild-eyed *coterie* it will share all the vicissitudes encountered by those faddists and their fads. Here's hoping that *Grip*, purified in the grave, will now shake away from its ragged foundations and become respectable and great.

Mayor Kennedy's inaugural address when examined in cold print, away from the applauding multitudes who heard the kindly old gentleman read it at the City Hall on Monday morning, does not amount to very much. Like

sinks. Altogether Mayor Kennedy's address does not yield much when analyzed. Boiled down, it means he will do what he can and see what he can do. In the meantime, if there is any city employee who will "consent," or would like his salary reduced, he may send in his request in writing and the Mayor will see if anything can be done in the matter. Any department that considers itself superfluous and would like to be abolished, or any official whose heart has undergone a change during the recent economy camp-meeting and would like to be dismissed, may also send in their requests in writing.

Although the School Boards handle a pile of money each year, a great many people do not know who the candidates for trustees are until they examine their ballot papers. Then they vote at random for the men with the prettiest names. The election of aldermen overshadows the trustee election so much that it is doubtful wisdom to hold them both on one day. The sensible ratepayer will watch the School Boards more closely than in the past.

The proposal to farm out the City Solicitorship to a big firm of lawyers should be scrutinized with the extreme caution by the more reliable among the aldermen. The proposal is peculiar in that it is, in spirit, a reversal of every tendency of the time. Railway and other large private corporations are finding it good business to retain the exclusive services of competent lawyers, men with ability above the average, who concentrate all their faculties upon the affairs and interests of their employers. It is to be feared that a big firm would shoulder the city business upon juniors, the heads of the firm only taking hold when a difficulty had been allowed to gather force and become dangerous. As for the particular firm of lawyers tendering for the city work, it is conceivable that a case might arise in which the same firm would represent both the city and its antagonist. Unless members of that firm, on securing the city business, sever certain of their financial connections, surrender certain of their private and corporate clients and absolve ties of blood, such an embarrassing state of affairs is not only possible but very probable. Perhaps no more honorable legal house exists in the city than that of Beatty, Blackstock, Nesbitt & Chadwick, but when one lawyer represents both clients in a case, one of the clients is apt to feel hurt when the argument is all in and the verdict given. The proper course seems to be to secure a big, strong man—bigger and stronger than any we have yet had—for City Solicitor, and pay him a bigger salary than has yet attached to the office. If the city's legal interests were looked after as zealously as a big lawyer looks after the interests of an important client, the city would save several times as much each year as the recent cut in civic salaries amounts to, even supposing that that proposal goes into force in its entirety, which is doubtful.

Mayor Fleming made a rather singular admission when, in condemning the proposed all-round reduction of civic salaries, he said that there were many unnecessary and incompetent men in the various departments who should be weeded out. He went in as a "weeder out" himself, and this is what he has to say after two years' service.

Toronto cannot afford to employ a City Solicitor or a City Engineer for less than \$5,000 per annum. The men who cannot command that are unfit for the great responsibilities they attempt to shoulder. The Garrison Creek sewer, the Prittaw award and many such cases serve to show this. It will soon be difficult to get anyone to accept either of these posts in the city's service, unless some scalawag, who, knowing that he will be fired out, good or bad, will sail in to plunder all he can during his year or two of privilege.

Every time a new Council is inaugurated, all the old-timers gather at the City Hall and indulge in reminiscences. I heard a little bit of history that has never, probably, been put in print before. Some years ago when the wards were small, a certain energetic young man was nominated in one of them as alderman. He called together some of his henchmen and mapped out the campaign. He told them that there were four hundred votes in the ward, of which he would certainly get one hundred honestly, and that he and his friends were no good if they could not plug the ballot boxes with three hundred more, thus electing him. All arrangements were made, but on polling day it rained heavily, the snow disappeared rapidly and the cutters conveying the persons to be voted for pulled through the mud. At night the candidate's friends met at his house to await returns, and when these were all in it was shown that he was defeated by only four votes. "Boys," he cried, thumping the table with his fist, "if the sleighing had only held out I'd have headed the poll." Years have passed since then, but he is said even yet to consider himself, when the sleighing is good, one of the most popular men in his section of the city.

Sarah—She's worth a million, and just the right age for you.  
Jerry—Any girl worth a million is the right age for me.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Editor (of the *Daily Shouter*)—I don't like the beginning of your editorial on the new year.

Assistant—What is the matter with it?  
Editor—You say, "We have entered upon the year 1894." Why not add, "as exclusively predicted by the *Daily Shouter*."—*Puck*.



Among the miles and miles of stores that exist in this city—and how they continue to exist is a marvel—I noticed the other day a new one being fitted up with counters and shelves. A young man with a pencil over his ear and a brusque consequence in his manner was directing affairs, so that it was easy to locate him as the new store-keeper. He had the appearance of a smart, pushing fellow, but as one looked as far east and as far west as the eye could travel and saw stores in endless chain on both sides of the street, it set one wondering what on earth could induce a smart-looking fellow to turn up his capital and hitch his name and prospects to such an enterprise. How so many small stores exist in every city is a conundrum to observant people. But a tenant usually bobs up for any vacant premises. As one fails, another offers himself for sacrifice. There is something alluring about keeping store. There is no one so modest as to feel incapable of undertaking it, and every man in Canada would be at it, no doubt, only some of us have not the capital to make a beginning, or else happen to be tied up in other pursuits. The young man referred to above may succeed, but the chances against him are very, very many to one. Probably he has been working on salary for years, saving what money he could and turning over a dollar's gain whenever opportunity offered, and at last has gathered enough to begin with. He tells himself that he will now reap the fruits of his own energy and be his own master. But he will find that where he expended a pound of energy in the past he will now have to call up a ton, and that his little business will be a

tors and faces the world penniless." How different the story of that man's life might have been had he not plunged into the torrent for himself. A man may be a good assistant in a big business, yet a poor manager of a small one. Many a fine sergeant would make a fool general. There are hundreds of cases similar to that one. We all know a few, not perhaps so marked, yet marked enough. Young man, stay solid! If you hold a position that has enabled you to bank a few hundred or a thousand dollars, stay with it and bank some more. To say that this is an era of concentration is none the less true for being hackneyed. Small concerns are doomed to be either merged or destroyed. Build yourself into some big institution and grow with the great concern. Become an auger and bore a straight, determined hole. You can wreck yourself as certainly by constantly changing your place of occupation as by venturing unwisely into business on your own hook. To accept a temporary snap and relinquish a solid thing is foolish. Some men chase butterflies all their days. I know a first class dry-goods clerk, with over twenty years' experience, who is working in one of the biggest stores in town for six dollars a week. He has had big salaries in his time, but never engrafted himself anywhere—moved about for any cause or no cause.

Everyone must be pleased to see *Grip* once more and to find it issuing under the editorship of its founder, Mr. J. W. Bengough. Canada has only this one cartoon paper, and it would be unfortunate were we to lose it. In powers of satire Mr. Bengough excels at those

**Social and Personal.**

The Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick have a magnetic charm which attracts numbers of visitors into the hospitable precincts of Government House on the afternoon set apart for the weekly receptions. On Wednesday the bright throng gathered early and left late, everyone looked well and plenty of animated talk went on about routs, balls, suppers and dinners which are to follow pell-mell on each other's heels in the short space of time between now and the season of sackcloth and ashes. The merry world is wide awake between one and another of these gay events, and one and all will need a season of comparative rest after the rush of big and little affairs crowding upon them.

Mrs. Blackstock's pink ball leads the van and will take place on Monday. The Confederation Life building holds the ball-room chosen by this observant hostess, and, as I pointed out a few weeks ago, the floor is all that could be desired, while elevators run briskly and any number of dressing-rooms are available. The entrance is on Richmond street, and the beautiful building, which is *terra incognita* to most of our ball-goers, is one of the most accessible and convenient in the city. The dressing-rooms will be arranged on the fifth floor, and the guests will ascend to the ball room overhead. The supper, I am told, is to be the work of the Cedarhurst chef, which guarantees perfection. Among the strangers whose presence will give the last touch of *éclat* to this function will be the Earl of Ava and party, Mrs. Candee of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Simonds from Charlton, Miss Bell of London, Eng., daughter of Clara Bell, the distinguished *litterateur*, Miss Irwin of Chicago, and Messrs. Frank Dallam of New York, F. W. Lampert of Chicago, and E. A. Kent of Buffalo. Some lovely gowns are a foregone conclusion, and a delightful dance is as good as enjoyed.

Cedarhurst being unequal to the housing of such a large party, I am told that a certain young host, now *en gircon* on Beverley street, is to put up a trio of gentlemen.

The Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick entertained a number of friends at dinner this week.

Among the Wednesday visitors at Government House were: Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, Mrs. Eben Ward, Mrs. Grace, Mrs. Winstanley, Mr. and Mrs. Frechette, Mrs. Henry Thompson, Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Dr. Trowe, Mr. and Mrs. F. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Hilton, Mrs. and Miss Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Ridout, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Porteous, Misses Arthurs, Milligan, Riordan, Hall, Bunting, MacKay, Boulton, Mortimer Clark, Dixon, Florence Dixon, and Messrs. Martland, Camby, S. Small, Thomas and Jones.

One of the old-time and best known homes in Toronto, Moss Park, the residence of Hon. G. W. Allan, was *en fete* last Monday evening in honor of the entrance into society of the youngest daughter of the house, Miss Audrey Allan, who made her *début* on that occasion. The guests comprised a representative assembly of all that is best in Toronto society, and a very auspicious and elegant function greeted Miss Allan's coming-out. Those other *debutantes* who had already won their laurels were of the number, and the winter of '93 and '94 proudly boasted the honor of introducing these most charming young ladies, each unique in personality and each with a distinctive beauty and individuality not often noticeable, and only attainable through a happy heredity.

Miss Katie Wilcock of Thornhill is the guest of Miss Fannie Shanklin of College avenue.

Miss Phila McLean has returned from a delightful sojourn in Montreal, where she was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Allison Sims.

Miss Deacon of Kingston, and Miss McGill, daughter of Lieut.-Col. McGill, of the Royal Military College, Kingston, are the guests of Mrs. George H. Roberts of 28 Wilcox street.

The rainbow wedding which is to take place this afternoon in St. John's church is creating quite a little sensation, as the bride on this occasion, Miss Ida Powell, is one of the most popular young ladies in the city.

Mrs. Arthur Butter of Carlton street gave a *soirée musicale* on Friday afternoon of last week.

Miss Ada Lowndes of Madison avenue will spend the next few weeks visiting in Peterborough and Kingston.

Afternoon card parties are an importation from the States which bids fair to enjoy some popularity. Mrs. Robert Gooderham's afternoon progressive euchre last week was one of the jolliest affairs seen for some time, and was of considerable size.

The Driving Club met last Saturday at Rathnelly and the *rendezvous* to-day is arranged for Glenelth.

Mrs. C. C. Dalton's lovely home on Isabella street was the scene of one of the prettiest teas of the season on Saturday last. A large number of young people were present in brave array. The Misses Dalton assisted Mrs. Dalton in receiving the guests. The Misses Leslie, Kingston, and others presided at the tea-table, which was prettily decorated with American beauty roses and smilax. Among the young people were: Miss Stevenson, Miss Boulbee, Miss Alice Boulbee, Miss DesBarres, Miss O'Brien, the Misses Langtry, the Misses Ferguson of Eastlawn, Miss Helen Macdonald, Miss Bea Macdonald, Miss Hamilton, Miss Jones, Miss Pearson, and a corresponding number of young men.

Miss Emberson of Belleville is visiting Mrs. Bartlett of Cecil street.

Miss DesBarres gave a tea on Tuesday for Mrs. A. H. Whitney, who is visiting in this city. The picturesque rectory was bright with young ladies, some of whom proved themselves cavaliers *sans peur et sans reproche* regarding attention, and some of the guests were: Miss Connie Jarvis, Miss Edith Jarvis, Miss Stevenson, Misses O'Brien, Miss Kingstown, Misses

Himsworth, Miss Lou Hadley of Peterboro', Misses Buchan and many others.

Miss Amy Mason returned from Winnipeg on Tuesday morning.

Mrs. David Walker gave a tea yesterday. I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Walker are preparing for their usual winter flight to warmer climates, and that Miss May Walker will accompany them.

Mr. George Minty has accepted a position in Winnipeg and left for the Prairie City last week, where he will doubtless be as heartily welcome as his departure is regretted in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Vandersmissen and family have taken up house at 402 Sherbourne street.

Mr. Bruenech is in Toronto for a short time and intends going to Washington shortly.

Friday was a gala night at the Opera House. A fine house, boxes radiant with lovely women, the students in *Paradis* and Wilson Barrett on the boards as *Othello* made up the menu, which was varied enough to please the most exacting epicure. Government House box was occupied by the gubernatorial party, including a guest or two. Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Blackstock's theater party comprised Mr. and Miss Hodges and Mr. Greer, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne's included Miss Riordan and Mr. Caron, and in the stalls were many of the leaders of society both from the east and west sides. After the play, several distinguished people slipped behind the scenes and were most kind in their expression of appreciation of Mr. Barrett and his very clever support.

After the afterpiece aforesaid, most of the gentlemen of the *caste* were entertained at the residence of Mr. J. Fraser Macdonald, on Avenue road, at a *recherche* supper, and in their turn delighted their host and a few friends of the sterner sex with some excellent songs and recitations. Franklin McLeay was of course the guest *par excellence*, and it speaks well for both Mr. McLeay and the Toronto hosts that his visit should be thus marked by special hospitality. In this case the honor comes to the prophet in his own country.

An introductory lecture to a course of Artistic Anatomy will be given on Saturday next at 3 p.m. in the Biological department, Toronto University, by Frederick Winnett, M.D., M.R.C.S., Eng. All who are interested in art are invited to be present.

The French Club meets to-night at Mrs. C. H. Gooderham's, Sherbourne street.

Col. Turnbull has returned from his visit East.

A very elegant dinner and euchre party were given by a leading host and hostess in the Queen's Park this week. The prizes were extremely chic.

I have heard of a very jolly and very naughty poker club on the west side, where *messieurs* play so scientifically that *messieurs* frequently confess to being penniless. Thus does the woman of to-day usurp one by one the sacred privileges of her undefended lesser half.

A very sad and regrettable event is the serious illness of Mr. Charles Fuller of Rosedale, which at the time I write is causing the greatest concern to his family and his and their numerous circle of friends.

Mr. Martland has returned from a rather long visit to Hamilton, where he has been the guest of the Messrs. Hope. Everyone is glad to welcome him home.

And still they come! Among the new doctors who are settling in Toronto is Dr. G. P. Sylvester, late of Galt. The occasion of his leaving the Manchester of Canada, after a successful practice there of over seventeen years, was seized upon by his professional brethren and friends as an excuse to give him a farewell complimentary banquet, at which nearly sixty sat down, a sufficient tribute of the esteem in which he is held.

The German Club met at Mrs. Grantham's this week from 4 to 6 o'clock. This very delightful *coterie* hold veritable *kaffee klatsche*, which are, being interpreted, gossip and coffee, in the true style of the Fatherland.

Mrs. McLean Howard gave a small tea for her old friends Mrs. and Miss Whitney of Calgary last week, at which were present: Mrs. J. W. G. Whitney, Mrs. Lumaden, Mrs. Street Macklem, Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Mrs. Beecher, Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. Rean Jarvis, Mrs. James Henderson, Miss Macklem, Mrs. Hirschfelder, Mrs. J. K. Macdonald, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. Mandeville Merritt, Mrs. DuVerne and Mrs. W. Macdonald. The tea was quite informal, as Mrs. McLean Howard is not entertaining this winter, the family having been for sometime in mourning.

Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly's friends will be glad to hear of their convalescence. The genial doctor has been seriously ill, and Mrs. O'Reilly has, I am told, been another victim of la grippe.

Mrs. Street Macklem left last Friday on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Raymond of Welland.

Mrs. W. S. Lee's euchre party was postponed out of respect to the memory of the late Mrs. Platt, an intimate and esteemed friend.

Miss Moir of Ottawa is the guest of Mrs. Newman of Wilcox street.

Miss Palmer of Chicago, sister of Mrs. George Dunstan, is visiting Mrs. Kenneth Dunstan of Jarvis street.

One of the most enjoyable dances of the season was given on Friday evening of last week by Mrs. H. W. Evans of St. Mary's street. The duties of hostess were very gracefully performed by Miss Edith Evans, who looked very pretty in a charming gown of white silk trimmed with silver. Miss Evans was assisted by Miss Bastedo, looking pretty in white benigaline and satin. Among those present I noticed particularly: Miss Lee, in white silk; Miss Edith Stanway, green and white; Miss Lauda Gale, yellow and white; Miss Christie looked charming in green; Miss Bessie Thompson, a pretty blue gown; Miss McArthur, Miss Smart, Miss Bonnell, Miss Morrison, Miss Mackenzie, Miss Fleming, Miss Reid, Miss Howard, Miss Way, and Misses Windeler, Gale, Little, Roaf, Dunbar, Wade, Hellwell, Shore, Anderson, Creelman, O'Flynn, Robinson, Hutcheson, W. Lee, C. Lee, F. Thompson, Kirkpatrick, R. Wood, and many others.

Next week will be a busy one for the members of the *beau monde*. The two distinguished guests of Mapichyn, the Earl of Ava and Captain Urquhart, who are to be entertained by Major Cosby, will arrive in Toronto on Sunday morning. On Monday the visitors will dine at Mapichyn and meet a party of Toronto's best people, after which the party will attend Mrs. Blackstock's dance. On Tuesday evening the hospitable doors of Ravenswood will be opened and a lovely dinner party will be given for the visiting gentlemen. On Wednesday probably a quiet dinner at Mapichyn will precede the great event which is the reason d'être of their visit. I am glad to hear that the gallant officers of the various regiments will appear at the Cricketers' ball in full uniform, and that the other decorative effects will be beautifully complete.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Robinson, late of Toronto, are away down south in Alabama.

wore a simple cream crepon gown with soft lace trimmings, and looked her best; Miss Walker, as usual, looked lovely in a combination of velvet, silk and lace. Among the guests were: Mrs. Dr. Sangster of Stouffville, Miss F. Sheppard, Mr. Fleming, Miss McMahon, Miss Lillie McMahon, Mr. Richie, Miss and Miss J. Woltz, Mr. Dubois (Chicago), Mr. Hamilton, Miss Ray, Mr. Hetherington, Miss Brownjohn, Miss A. Brownjohn, Mr. Laidlaw, Miss Smalpice, Mr. Southcott, Miss Brown, Mr. Conley, Miss O'Neill, Mr. Robertson, Miss Robertson, Miss Bassie Robertson, Mr. Fielding, Miss Hunter, Mr. A. Stuttaford, Miss Hurd, Mr. Lyon, Miss O'Donnell, Miss Flory, the Misses Lowther, Miss Taylor, Mr. A. J. Lyon, Miss Maud Cline, Mr. O'Donnell, Miss J. Strutt, Mr. Vincent Smouz, Mr. Graham, Mr. Williamson, Miss Walker, Mr. Sydney Walker, Mr. Wark, Mr. Robinson and Dr. Weir.

They have established themselves in a fine place, which they have named Chimo Bluff, at Marlowe, Fish River, Alabama, and Tom says if anybody wants a trip down south he will see that they want for nothing in the shape of sport and entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. Janes give a large dinner on the 31st inst., one of the few evenings at the end of the ante-Lenten season.

Miss Lillie Gooderham of Waveney will give a progressive euchre party next Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald's dinner party on Wednesday evening included Col. and Mrs. Otter, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grasett, Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Miss Hewitt, Mr. Andrew Darling, and other smart guests to the number of twenty.

A very bright and enjoyable dance was given by the club known as the Fifty, from the number of its members, at Webb's on Friday evening of last week. Guests to the number of nearly two hundred filled the dancing rooms, and feet flew in merry measure to the capital music of one of the best Toronto orchestras. Barely have so many really pretty faces brightened Webb's parlors, and I remarked that the gowns were also of unusual smartness. Natural flowers were worn in great profusion, and before the dance was half over many a pretty maid literally walked on roses. The committee were of the right sort, watchful and energetic, and to them must much of the praise for a successful evening be accorded. A number of brides were of the party, wearing their *robes de noce* and receiving much attention. Among the many pretty girls present I noticed: Miss Miln, a very rosebud of a belle; Miss Wright, in a pretty pink striped gaze with tiny brocaded posies; Miss Hattie Rose, with lilies of the valley drooping in her fair hair and a dainty frock of white; Miss Pells, in pink with black velvet trimmings; Miss Williams, in sunrise pink with *berthe* of natural carnations; Miss Sullivan, leader of the choir of Our Lady of Lourdes, in white Indian silk and gold passementerie. Among the young matrons who looked particularly well were: Mrs. Shouldice, in white silk with a very smart coiffure; Mrs. Tipping, in *eau de Nil* and moss green; Mrs. McGann, a bride of few months, in her wedding gown of white silk and chiffon. Scores of others there were remarkable both for pretty gowns and graceful dancing, and among whom the Fifty is always looked forward to with anticipations of the liveliest pleasure. Webb served a very excellent supper.

Mrs. William Ince received for the first time in her new home on the corner of Prince Arthur avenue and Huron street, last Friday, and was assisted by Mrs. Harry Patterson and Mrs. Archie Langmuir, whom I am glad to see again. The reception-room was odoriferous with many roses thoughtfully offered by a gallant visitor in Toronto, and the many objects of art picked up in foreign lands gave an air of interest to the pretty apartments.

Mr. and Mrs. Sutton have removed from 37 Huron street and are now at Mrs. Thompson's, corner of John and Wellington streets. Any number of smart people have welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Sutton to Toronto.

Among the guests at the hospitable Sunday supper table of Toronto's most charming hostess was Mr. Alan Sullivan, son of the Bishop of Arizona. Mr. Sullivan has recently brought out a pretty souvenir booklet of delightful verse and is the very newest literary lion in the city.

Toronto has been richly favored this season in being the temporary home of many pleasant visitors. There was an immensely interesting *tableau vivant* provided one evening lately, when an antipodean bird of passage earnestly instructed the highest dignitary of the Anglican church in the mysteries of a new kind of

The Girls' Home annual meeting takes place at the Home next Friday afternoon at four o'clock, when the Lieutenant-Governor has kindly consented to preside, and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, lady patroness of the Home, will also be present.

Mrs. Percy Beatty gives a card party on Monday evening. I believe progressive euchre is the game chosen.

The Misses Thompson returned from Montreal on Saturday night, having much enjoyed some of the world-famous hospitalities of the Royal City.

The Allan liner, Mongolian, arrived in Liverpool on Monday evening, January 1, 1894, after a comparatively smooth voyage for the time of year. Two very successful concerts in honor of Christmas and the New Year were organized by Mr. Cecil B. Wright of Toronto, ably assisted by the passengers, and at the conclusion of the second one a hearty vote of thanks, with musical honors, was tendered to Mr. Wright for his laudable and successful efforts to beguile the monotony of the voyage.

Next week will be a busy one for the members of the *beau monde*. The two distinguished guests of Mapichyn, the Earl of Ava and Captain Urquhart, who are to be entertained by Major Cosby, will arrive in Toronto on Sunday morning. On Monday the visitors will dine at Mapichyn and meet a party of Toronto's best people, after which the party will attend Mrs. Blackstock's dance. On Tuesday evening the hospitable doors of Ravenswood will be opened and a lovely dinner party will be given for the visiting gentlemen. On Wednesday probably a quiet dinner at Mapichyn will precede the great event which is the reason d'être of their visit. I am glad to hear that the gallant officers of the various regiments will appear at the Cricketers' ball in full uniform, and that the other decorative effects will be beautifully complete.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Robinson, late of Toronto, are away down south in Alabama.

**PARIS KID GLOVE STORE**

For the Holiday Season we are making a special price on our famous Felice Gloves—usual price \$1.50, selling at \$1.



8-button length Biarritz Glove, in every color, reduced to 90¢.  
4 button Bonjour Glove, with colored stitching and white leather.  
Evening Gloves in all lengths, to match any costume.  
Lined Gloves our specialty.  
Beautiful Fans, suitable for Christmas Presents.  
R. & G. CORSETS P. & D.  
MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING.

**WM. STITT & CO.,**  
11 and 13 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.



We have another NEW LOT of White China for decorating.

As well as having the largest assortment and nicest styles our prices are very low, so low that we allow NO DISCOUNTS.

An amateur buys at the same price as a professional.

**PANTECHNETHECA**  
116 Yonge Street

Write for illustrations and prices. We give special attention to mail orders.

benefit society rare, and child picks up an infant. Whether in can defend itself. It is not energetic general head of the o...  
Dr. Oronyhique and led turn about the street, for where. He is the chief of the...  
In childhood derived from trade of a...  
apprenticed, at age of 11. His means, he was sent to school, and taught a turning point in the life of the Prince of...  
was in his time the chief of the...  
Prince of...  
continue his...  
the prince's tuition at the...  
the Prince of...  
medicine at G...  
Canada and afterward a big practical acumen that to make the...  
seized the...  
to show what he...  
it is a financial kind—and to man the real few facts. Since its introduction with wonder though organ...  
17,886 applications have been accepted, 1,893, was 557,89.  
Dr. Oronyh...  
big salary, b...  
worth his sal...  
Sc...  
A delightful...  
House, Kinc...  
10, under the...  
and Benedict...  
of the follow...  
Scongall, Eve...  
The...  
ated and the...  
the choice...  
The...  
leading town...  
tunes of the...  
scription. I...  
o'clock, exce...  
Brigilia mus...

**The J. E. ELLIS CO.**  
LIMITED

3 King St. East

**Toilet Soap Canister**

ECONOMICAL  
CLEAN  
CONVENIENT

ORNAMENTAL

Jan. 20, 1894

TONE

iday Sea-  
making a  
on our  
Glove—  
50, sell-

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

3

## A Genius of Finance.

The editor is pleased to be able to present this week a portrait of Dr. Oronhyatekha, Supreme Chief Ranger of the Independent Order of Foresters. This is a voluntary tribute to a man of commanding talent. During the past five years no man in Canada has come forward with such strides as Dr. Oronhyatekha. He has proved himself possessed of the strongest personality, and since the head offices of the order of which he is the chief were removed to Toronto in 1889 he has pushed Forestry all over this continent and into England, Ireland and Scotland. That he is a thorough financier all orders and companies in opposition to him have been forced to admit with reluctant admiration. The bitter criticisms of

were highly pleased with the gay event and congratulated the Bachelors and Benedictines of Kincardine on the success of their ball. The following is a list of the ladies and gentlemen present: Miss Haun of Orangeville; Miss Howie, Waterloo; Miss McMillan, Buffalo, N.Y.; Miss McEachren, Clifton; Miss Greenhill, Leamington; Mr. A.E. Belfry, Victoria, B.C.; Mr. H. Barker, Toronto; Miss Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Brennen of Hamilton; Mrs. Robinson and Mr. F. Sharman of Warton; Mr. Chapman of Galt, Mr. Zealand of London, Mr. and Mrs. Lavelle of Durham, Miss McCraney of Oakville, Mr. W. O. Jackson and Mr. D. A. McInnes of Ripley; Miss Polley and Mr. G. Henderson of Goderich; Dr. Ireland and Mr. Laidlaw of Harriston; Mr. L.C. Jackson of Seaforth. Miss Clements of

were accepted. Among those present from outside towns and cities were: Mr. E. C. Davies of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Burkholder, Miss Shuemacher of Hamilton; Mr. M. Forhan, Miss Forhan, Miss Irene Forhan, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wright, Miss Craig, Mr. W. N. Chisholm, Mr. W. E. Todd, Mr. Thos. Scott, Miss S. Scott, Mr. George Miller, Mr. E. Tucker, Mrs. D. F. Forbes of Owen Sound; Mr. and Mrs. C. Fair, Mr. G. E. Fair, Mr. T. W. Fair, Captain P. M. and Mrs. Campbell, Miss Lockerbie, Miss Martin of Collingwood; M. L. S. Saunders, Miss Saunders, Mr. P. Patton of Barrie; Mr. W. Turner, Mr. W. L. McFarland, Mr. W. J. Douglass, Miss Lucas, Miss S. Lucas, Miss Matthews of Markdale.

Bragg—I know a thing or two.  
Scapely—You sly dog.—Life.



DR. ORONHYATEKHA.

benefit societies, once so numerous, are now rare, and chiefly for the reason that the doctor picks up any man's gauntlet with alacrity. Whether in the press or on the platform, he can defend Forestry against any corner. But it is not Forestry we are talking about, but the energetic gentleman who happens to be at the head of the order.

Dr. Oronhyatekha is a man of massive physique and lionine head. People involuntarily turn about to look at him as he passes along the street, for he will attract attention anywhere. He has in his veins the royal blood of the chiefs of the Six Nations Indians, and was born on the reservation near Brantford in 1841. In childhood he perceived the advantages to be derived from an education and quit the trade of a shoemaker, to which he had been apprenticed, and attended the Wesleyan College at Wilbraham, Mass. Possessing no means, he worked all hours in order to get schooling, and finally qualified as a teacher and taught near his old home in Brant. The turning point of his career soon came. When the Prince of Wales visited Canada in 1861 he was in his twentieth year, and was chosen by the chief of the Six Nations to present an address to the son of their "great mother." The Prince of Wales was struck with the intelligence of the young Indian, and invited him to continue his studies at Oxford under the care of the prince's physician. There he enjoyed the tuition and friendship of Sir Henry Acland, the prince's physician and regius professor of medicine at Oxford University. Returning to Canada he practiced medicine at Frankfort and afterwards at London, where he built up a big practice. While here, Forestry first appealed to him, and he showed such financial acumen that he was at length prevailed upon to make the order his sole care. When he seized the helm, affairs were not in the flourishing condition that they have since attained to. To show what the order now is, to prove that it is a financial creation of the most extensive kind—and to the energy and talent of this one man the result is mainly due—we may quote a few facts. The order has paid out in benefits since its inception \$2,060,575. It has floated with wonderful success in Great Britain, for though organized there only about a year, 17,886 applications for membership and insurance have been received, of whom 15,976 have been accepted. The membership on December 1, 1893, was 53,317, and the cash surplus \$858,657.89.

Dr. Oronhyatekha is a busy man. He gets a big salary, but no man in Canada is better worth his salary than he.

## Social and Personal.

A delightful dance was held in the Opera House, Kincardine, on Wednesday night, Jan. 10, under the management of the Bachelors and Benedictines of Kincardine and the patronage of the following ladies: Mesdames Rapley, Scogall, Evans, Smith, Walker, Kilmer, Keyworth. The ball-room was elaborately decorated and the supper-room was stocked with the choicest edibles that epicurean taste could desire. There were guests present from the leading towns in Western Ontario. The costumes of the ladies were brilliant beyond description. Dancing went gallantly until four o'clock, excellent music being furnished by the Briglia musicians of London. All the guests

Innerkip, Mr. and Mrs. Kidd of Listowel, Miss Lawrence, and Messrs. G. Siddal, D. N. Lawrence, P. A. Malcolmson, J. C. Brown, and J. Willis of Lucknow; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Cameron, Mrs. McGillivray, and Messrs. Marrs, Hillier, Cameron, Wallace, and Skey of Port Elgin; Mesdames A. Shaw, M. Macnamara, E. Kilmer, G. W. McKee, J. R. Shaw, D. Sinclair, and Misses Crawford, McLean, McKay, Soper, Sinclair, and Messrs. J. R. Shaw, J. J. Wilser, F. Fox, C. J. Macnamara, Geo. Fox, and C. E. Kilmer of Walkerton; Mesdames Kilmer, Scogall, Rapley, Luscombe, Evans, Smith, Scott, Keyworth, Sutton, Cameron, Martyn, Smith, Batman, Gray, Farquharson; Misses Keyworth, Miller, Walker, Evans, Secord, Clark, Lennox, Batman, Henderson, Loscombe, Fair, Williamson, Potts, Gentles, Newcombe, McKibbin, Jennings, Leadbetter, Pemberton; Messrs. J. H. Scogall, J. W. Rapley, A. J. Evans, W. C. Loscombe, E. A. C. Smith, Charles Clark, F. L. MacGachen, N. L. MacInnes, A. O. Secord, H. R. MacInnes, A. G. MacIntyre, E. J. Sutton, J. H. Scott, W. J. Kilmer, J. B. Secord, Hugh Clark, T. Hatton, F. J. Walker, R. Keyworth, C. Ruettel, C. C. Cameron, J. C. Cooke, Harry Baird, J. W. Martyn, A. M. Smith, De Witt H. Martyn, T. Boyer, R. A. Farquharson, James Gray, H. F. Dinning of Kincardine.

The social event of the season at Meaford the annual ball under the auspices of the Bachelors of the town, was given on Wednesday evening, January 10. It was most successful in every particular. The attendance was large, the supper all that could be desired and the music furnished by Marcellino. The concert hall, in which the ball was held, is a large and commodious building, and there were twenty sets of lancers on the floor at a time. The stewards were Messrs. H. M. Manley, A. J. Chisholm, J. B. Plunket, C. Stewart, F. B. Strong, T. H. McGee, G. Bailey, J. A. Clancy, Dr. Kent and W. S. Bates. The honorary secretary was J. A. Stewart. About three hundred and fifty invitation cards were issued, two hundred and fifty of which

## WHITCOMB RILEY'S POEMS

"Old-Fashioned Roses"

"Poems Here at Home" (Just

"Rhymes of Childhood"

"Green Fields and

"Running Brooks"

"Bout once a year Jim Riley writes a book of verse for sell, An' the folks 'at buys it reads it, and ey likes it mighty well."

"His poems are plain 'nd common, like the folks 'emelves, I figure,

"With a dreamin' music in 'em'nd a sort o' tenderness

"At creeps into the heart 'nd makes it somehow beat in time."

"With a fancy of the poet 'ad the ripples of his rhyme;

"So you who like the noisy you 'd read 'nd think about

"Will be glad to hear 'as Riley's goin'

(From "Life") book out.

A complete line of the HOOISER POETS BOOKS at

**JOHN P. MCKENNA'S**

Publisher, Bookseller and Newsdealer

**80 YONGE STREET**

Telephone 1517 NEAR COR. KING.

were accepted. Among those present from outside towns and cities were: Mr. E. C. Davies of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Burkholder, Miss Shuemacher of Hamilton; Mr. M. Forhan, Miss Forhan, Miss Irene Forhan, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wright, Miss Craig, Mr. W. N. Chisholm, Mr. W. E. Todd, Mr. Thos. Scott, Miss S. Scott, Mr. George Miller, Mr. E. Tucker, Mrs. D. F. Forbes of Owen Sound; Mr. and Mrs. C. Fair, Mr. G. E. Fair, Mr. T. W. Fair, Captain P. M. and Mrs. Campbell, Miss Lockerbie, Miss Martin of Collingwood; M. L. S. Saunders, Miss Saunders, Mr. P. Patton of Barrie; Mr. W. Turner, Mr. W. L. McFarland, Mr. W. J. Douglass, Miss Lucas, Miss S. Lucas, Miss Matthews of Markdale.

Bragg—I know a thing or two.  
Scapely—You sly dog.—Life.



## S. W. COR. YONGE AND QUEEN

SOME really low-priced gloves are to be secured at our glove counters this month because of stock taking.

Astrachan Gloves, sizes for children eight to fourteen, 40c. Children's Wool Mitts, good quality, heavy French kid, 15c. Children's Fine Wool Gloves, fancy ringwood, 20c. Boys' Heavy Wool Gloves, 20c. Extra Heavy Wool Mitts, dark gray, boys' large sizes, 25c. Children's Fine Wool Gloves, top, 50c. Ladies' Chamois Gloves, monogram, all white, and white, with black embroidery, 60c. Ladies' 4-button Suede Gloves, in tan and modes, 60c. were \$1.

Ladies' Lined Kid Gloves, 4-loop fastening, 90c. An extra bargain in a Kid Glove, guaranteed good wear, at 75c.

Of all our Gloves it may be said they're good quality and well-fitting. A word of evening gloves:

Evening Gloves, silk, all shades, 15c. to 90c. Evening Gloves, silk, all shades, 25c. to 75c. Evening Gloves, silk, all shades, 25c. to 75c. Evening Gloves, fine quality, suede, 30c. to elbow, \$1.05; 25c. to three-quarter length, 82c.

These are in creams, operas and black. Know also of an evening glove, good quality suede, in cream only, elbow length, \$1.25; three-quarter, \$1.65.

Gloves are easily ordered by letter.

## R. SIMPSON

S. W. COR. YONGE AND QUEEN  
ENTRANCE YONGE STREET,  
STREETS, TORONTO | ENTRANCE QUEEN STREET,  
NEW ANNEX 170 YONGE STREET,  
STORES NO. 170, 171, 172, 173, 174 YONGE STREET, AND 1 & 2  
QUEEN STREET WEST.

212 YONGE STREET

## PART III.

## The People of the Mist

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

## CHAPTER V.

OTTER GIVES COUNSEL.

When the funeral was over and Thomas Outram slept his last sleep beneath six feet of earth and stones, his brother took out the prayer-book that Jane Beach had given him, which in truth formed all his library, and read the burial service over the grave, finishing it by the glare of the lightning flashes. Then he and Otter went back to the cave and ate, speaking no word. After they had finished Leonard called to the dwarf, who took his food at a little distance.

"Otter," he said, setting the lantern between them, "you are a faithful man and clever in your way. I would tell you a story and ask you something. At the least," he added to himself in English, "in such a matter your judgment is as good as mine."

"Speak on, Baas," said the dwarf, "my ears are open; and I satiated down on the further side of the lantern like some great toad, watching his master's face with his black eyes."

"Otter, the Baas, who is dead and I came to this country some years ago. Before we came here we had been rich men, chiefs in our own place, but we lost our kraals and cattle and lands; they were sold, others took them and we became poor. Yes, we who were fat grew lean as trek oxen at the end of winter. Then we said to each other, 'Here we have no longer any home; the shame of poverty has come upon us; we are empty men of no account; also we are chiefs by blood, and here we cannot let ourselves out to labor like the common people, lest both the common people and the nobles should make a mock of us. Our great stone kraal that has been ours for many generations is taken from us; others dwell in it; strange women order it and their children shall move about the land. We will go away.'

"The blood is the blood," broke in Otter; "the wealth is nothing; that comes and goes, but the blood is always the blood. Why did you not gather an impli, my father, and put these strangers to the spear and take your kraal again?"

In this land this may not be, Otter, for there wealth is more than blood. So we should have gone to still greater shame. Riches alone could give us back our home, and we had none left. So we swore an oath together, the dead Baas and I, that we would journey to this far land and seek to win wealth that we might buy back our lands and kraal and rule over them as in past years, and our children after us."

"A good oath," said Otter, "but here we should have sworn it otherwise and there would have been a ringing of steel about that kraal, not the clink of yellow iron."

"We came, Otter, and for seven years we have labored harder than the lowest of our servants; we have traveled to and fro, mixing with many peoples, learning many tongues, and what have we found? The Baas yonder a grave in the wilderness? I, the food that the wilderness gives no more."

"A poor way we have," said Otter. "Ah! the ways of my people are more simple and better. A red spear is brighter than the red gold, and—no, it is more honest."

"The wealth is unwon, Otter, and I have sworn to win the wealth or die. But last night I swore it again to him who lies dead."

"It is well, Baas; an oath is an oath and true men must keep it. But riches cannot be gathered here, for the gold, most of it, is hid in those rocks that are far too heavy to carry, and who may charm gold out of rocks—not all the wizards in Zululand. At the least you and I cannot do it alone, even should the fever spare us. We must trek, Baas, and look elsewhere."

"Listen, Otter; the tale is yet to tell. The Baas who is dead dreamed before he died. He dreamed that I should win the gold; that I should win it by the help of a woman, and he made me wait here a while after he was dead. Say now, Otter, you who come of a people learned in dreams and are the child of a dream-doctor, was this a true dream or a sick man's fancy?"

"My, Baas, who can tell for sure?" the dwarf answered; then pondered a while, drawing the dust of the floor with his finger, and spoke again: "Yet I say that the words of the dead uttered on the edge of death shall come true. The wealth is unwon, Otter, and I have sworn to win the wealth or die, but once more the great kraal across the water shall be yours again, and the children of strangers shall wander there no more. Let us obey the words of the dead and bide here a while as he commanded."

Seven days had passed, and on the night of the seventh Leonard Outram and Otter sat together once more in the little cave on Grave Mountain, for so they had named this fatal spot. They did not speak, though each of them was thinking after his own fashion, and both had cause for thought. They had been hunting all day, but killed nothing except a guinea fowl, most of which they had just eaten; it was the only food left them. Game seemed to have abandoned the district; at least they could find none. Since his brother's death Leonard had given up all attempt to dig for gold—it was useless. Time had hung heavily on his hands, for a man cannot search all day for buck which are not. Gloom had settled on his mind also; he felt his brother's loss more acutely now than on the day he buried him. Moreover, for the first time he suffered from symptoms of the deadly fever which had carried off his three companions. Alas! he knew too well the meaning of this lassitude and nausea, and of the racking pain which from time to time shot through his head and limbs. That was how his brother's last sickness had begun. Would his days end in the same fashion? He did not greatly care, he was reckless as to his fate: for the hard necessities of life had left him little time or inclination to harass himself with spiritual doubts. And yet it was awful to think of. He rehearsed the whole scene in his mind again and yet again, until it became a reality to him. He saw his own last struggle for life and Otter watching it. He saw the dwarf bearing him in his great arms to a lonely grave, there to cover him with earth, and then, with a sigh, to flee the haunted spot forever. Who did he stop here to die of fever? Because his brother had bidden him to do so with his dying breath; because of a superstition, a folly, which would move any civilized man to scorn.

Ah! there was the rub, he was no longer a civilized man; he had lived so long with nature and savages that he had come to be as nature makes a savage. His educated reason told him that this was folly, but his instinct—that faculty which had begun to take the place of educated reason with him—spoke in another voice. He had gone back in the scale of life, he had grown primitive; his mind was as the mind of a Norseman or an Aztec. It did not seem wonderful to him that his brother should have prohesled upon his dying bed; it was even natural to him that he should believe in the prophecy and act upon it. And yet he knew that in all probability the only issue would be his own death.

Those who have lived much with nature will in some degree be familiar with such sensations for instance, are very at a strange variance, and each would shape the other to its ends. In the same nature wins. Man boasts continually of his conquests over her, her instincts, her terrors, and her hopes. But let him escape from out his cities and the fellowship of his kind, let him be alone with her for a while, and where is his supremacy? He sinks back into her breast again and is lost there, as in time to be all his labors shall be lost. The grass of the field and the sand of the desert are more powerful than Baby-

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE TALE OF SOA.

"My lord, I, Soa, am the servant of a white man, a trader who lives on the banks of the Zambezi, some four days' march from here, having a house there which he built many years ago."

"How is the white man named?" asked Leonard.

"The black people call him Mavoom, but his white name is Ridd. He is a good master and no common man, but he has this fault, that at times he is drunken. Twenty years ago or more Mavoom, my master, married a white

woman, a Portuguese, whose father dwelt at Delagoa Bay, and who was beautiful, ah! beautiful. Then he settled on the banks of the Zambezi and became a trader, building the house where it is now, or rather where its ruins are. Here his wife died in childbirth; yes, she died in my arms, and it was I who reared her daughter Juanna, tending her from the cradle to this day."

"Now, after the death of his wife Mavoom became more drunken. Still, when he is not in liquor he is very clever and a good trader, and many times he has collected ivory and feathers and gold worth much money, and also has bred cattle by hundreds. Then he would say that he would leave the wilderness and go to another country across the water, I know not where, that country whence Englishmen come. Twice he has started to go, and I with him, and his daughter Juanna, my mistress, who is named the Shepherdess of Heaven by the black people, because they think that she has the gift of foretelling rain. But once Mavoom stopped in a town at Durban in Natal, and getting drunk stumbled away all his money in a month, and once he lost it in a river, the bank being overset by a river-horse and the ivory and gold sinking out of sight. Still, the last time that he started he left his daughter, the Shepherdess, at Durban, and there she stayed for three years, learning those things that the white women know, for she is very clever, as clever as she is beautiful and good. Now, for two years she has been back at the Settlement, for she came to Delagoa Bay in a ship, and I with her, and Mavoom with us."

"Now, after the death of his wife Mavoom became more drunken. Still, when he is not in liquor he is very clever and a good trader, and many times he has collected ivory and feathers and gold worth much money, and also has bred cattle by hundreds. Then he would say that he would leave the wilderness and go to another country across the water, I know not where, that country whence Englishmen come. Twice he has started to go, and I with him, and his daughter Juanna, my mistress, who is named the Shepherdess of Heaven by the black people, because they think that she has the gift of foretelling rain. But once Mavoom stopped in a town at Durban in Natal, and getting drunk stumbled away all his money in a month, and once he lost it in a river, the bank being overset by a river-horse and the ivory and gold sinking out of sight. Still, the last time that he started he left his daughter, the Shepherdess, at Durban, and there she stayed for three years, learning those things that the white women know, for she is very clever, as clever as she is beautiful and good. Now, for two years she has been back at the Settlement, for she came to Delagoa Bay in a ship, and I with her, and Mavoom with us."

"But one month gone my mistress, the Shepherdess, spoke to her father, Mavoom, telling him that she wearied of their lonely life in the wilderness and would sail across the waters to the land which is called Home. He listened to her, for Mavoom loves his daughter, and said that it should be so. But he said this also: That first he would go on a trading journey up the river to buy a store of ivory which he knew of. Now, she was against this, saying, 'Let us start at once: we have tempted chance too long, and once again we are rich. Let us go by land to Natal and pass over the seas.'

"Then there was silence for a while. 'The fact is,' said Otter, 'I have presently we are both fools. It is useless for us to wait with nothing to eat, nothing to drink, nothing to smoke, and only the fever to look forward to, expecting we know not what. But what does it matter? Fools and wise men all come to one end. Lord! how my head aches and how hot it is! I wish that we had some quinine left. I am going out,' and he rose impatiently and left the cave.

Otter followed him. He knew where he would go—to his brother's grave. Presently they were there standing on the hither edge of a ravine. A cloud had hidden the face of the moon and they could see nothing, so they stood a while idly waiting for it to pass.

"Mavoom left, and twelve days went by while

I and my mistress, the Shepherdess, sat at the Settlement waiting till he returned. Now, it is the custom of my mistress, when she is dressed, to read each morning from a certain holy book in which are written the laws of that Great King whom she worships. On the thirteenth morning, therefore, she sat beneath the veranda of the house, reading in the book according to her custom, and I went about my work making food ready. Suddenly I heard a tumult, and looking over the wall which is round the garden and to the left of the house, I saw a great number of men, some of them white, some Arabs, and some half-breeds, one mounted on the others on foot, and behind them a long caravan of slaves with the sledges set upon their necks. As they came up these men fired guns at the people of the Settlement, who ran this way and that. Some of the people fell, some were made captive, but others of them got away, for they were at work in the fields and had seen the slave-traders coming. Now, as I gazed affrighted, I saw my mistress, the Shepherdess, flying toward the wall behind which I stood, the book she was reading from being still in her hand. But as she reached it the man mounted on the mule overtook and she turned about and faced him, setting her back against the wall. Then I crept down and hid myself among some banana trees, and watched what passed through a crack in the wall.

"The man on the mule was old and fat, his hair was white and his face yellow and wrinkled. I knew him at once, for often I have heard of him before, who has been the terror of this country for many years. He is named the Yellow Devil by the black people, but his Portuguese name is Pereira, and he has his place in a secret spot down by one of the mouths of the Zambezi. Here he collects the slaves, and here the traders come twice a year with their sledges to carry them to market—a little kraal far away to the right, and to this kraal I came that afternoon with my last strength. I told its people that I had escaped from the slave-drivers, and they treated me kindly. Here it was also that I learnt that some white men from Natal were digging for gold in these mountains and next day I travelled on in search of them, thinking that perchance they would help me, for I knew well that the English hate slave-drivers. And here, my lord, I am come at last with much toil, and now I pray you to deliver my mistress the Shepherdess from the hands of the Yellow Devil.

"Oh! my lord, I seem poor and wretched; but I tell you that if you can deliver her you shall win a great reward. Yes, I will reveal to you that which I have kept secret all my life, ay, even from Mavoom my master; I will reveal to you the secret treasures of my people, the Children of the Mist."

"Now when Leonard, who all the while had been listening attentively and in silence to Soa's tale, heard her last words he raised his head and stared at her, thinking that her sorrows had made her mad. There was no look of madness upon the woman's fierce face, however, but only one of the most earnest and indeed, passionate entreaty. So, letting this matter go by for the while, he spoke to her:

"Are you then mad, mother?" he asked. "You see that I am alone here with one servant, for my three companions, of whom the people in the kraal you are, are dead through fever, and I myself am smitten with it. And you, my lord, alone at least, am to travel to the slave-trader's camp that is known not where, and there single-handed, to rescue your mistress. If indeed you have a mistress, and your tale is true. Are you then mad, mother?"

"No, lord, I am not mad, and that which I tell you is true, every word of it. I know that Lask a great thing, but I know also that you Englishmen can do great things when you are well paid. Strive to help me and you shall have your reward. Ay, should you fail, and live, I can still give you a reward; not much, perhaps, but more than you have ever earned."

"Never mind the reward now, mother," said Leonard testily, for the veiled sarcasm of Soa's speech had stung him, "unless, indeed, you can cure me of the fever," he added with a laugh.

"I can do that," she answered quietly; "tomorrow morning I will cure you."

"So much the better," he said, with an incredulous smile. And now of your wisdom tell me how am I to look for your mistress, to say nothing of rescuing her, when I do not know where she has been taken to?" Probably this Nest of which the Portuguese talked is a secret place. How long have they carried off her to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."

"Civil Service Gazette."

Made simply with boiling water or milk, old only in

Packets by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., LTD., Homeopathic

Chemists, London, England.

Breakfast-Supper

By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operation of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the properties of well-selected

articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up strong enough to resist every tendency to disease.

Hundreds of sick men have been already

ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."

"Civil Service Gazette."

Made simply with boiling water or milk, old only in

Packets by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., LTD., Homeopathic

Chemists, London, England.

Breakfast-Supper

By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operation of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the properties of well-selected

articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up strong enough to resist every tendency to disease.

Hundreds of sick men have been already

ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."

"Civil Service Gazette."

Made simply with boiling water or milk, old only in

Packets by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., LTD., Homeopathic

Chemists, London, England.

Breakfast-Supper

By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operation of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the properties of well-selected

articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up strong enough to resist every tendency to disease.

Hundreds of sick men have been already

ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."

"Civil Service Gazette."

Made simply with boiling water or milk, old only in

Packets by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., LTD., Homeopathic

Chemists, London, England.

Breakfast-Supper

By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operation of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the properties of well-selected

articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up strong enough to resist every tendency to disease.

Hundreds of sick men have been already

ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."

"Civil Service Gazette."

Made simply with boiling water or milk, old only in

Packets by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., LTD., Homeopathic

Chemists, London, England.

Breakfast-Supper

By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operation of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the properties of well-selected

articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up strong enough

have anything to do with this business; I must think it over first."

"Yes, you will, White Man," she answered. "when you know the reward; but of that I will tell you to-morrow, when I have cured you of your fever. And now I pray, Black One, show me a place where I may sleep, for I am very weary."

(To be Continued.)

#### In Reply to Oft Repeated Questions.

It may be well to state, Scott's Emulsion acts as a food as well as a medicine, building up the wasted tissues and restoring perfect health after wasting fever.

Ballet Girl (to admirer)—Only think of it; the society for the prevention of cruelty to children was here to-day to enquire about me.

Rival—What a shame! I can testify that we are very good to your grandchildren.—Kate Field's Washington.

#### Asthma Cured

By Schiffmann's Asthma Cure. No waiting for results. Its action is immediate, direct and certain. Price 50 cents and \$1. of druggist or by mail. Special package to convince the most skeptical, free. Address Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn.

Agnes—Well, I want a husband who is easily pleased.

Maud—Don't worry, dear; that's the kind you'll get.—Elmira Gazette.

#### For Constipation.

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. J. R. Fortson, Kiowa, Ind. Ter., says: "I have tried it for constipation, with success, and think it worthy a thorough trial by the profession."

#### Why He was an Exception.

"It makes me tired to see the manner in which these newspapers are run," said the man in the smoking-car, as he took off his glasses and let his paper drop across his knees. The man who sat next to him had one lock of hair—an oasis in a desert of scalp—which he spent most of his time in smoothing reflectively.

"I'spose," he said slowly, "that you could give 'em all points," he said deliberately.

"I'm sure of it. Couldn't you?"

"No, I don't think I could."

"Do you mean to say that you couldn't tell the editor how to run his paper?" exclaimed

the kicker in a tone that had absolute dismay in it.

"I do, indeed," replied the man with the oasis, earnestly.

"Well—I must say there are not many like you. I know it. I used to be like you are. But now I'm trying to run a newspaper myself, and I'll tell you, my friend, I'm not sayin' a word. Not a word." —Washington Star.



The Long and Short  
of it is that S. DAVIS &  
SONS' Cigars have no equal.

## AN EDITOR'S WIFE.

A Serious Trouble of Many Year's Standing  
is Banished.

ONLY ONE MEDICINE COULD DO  
THE WORK.

Grand Encouragement for All Who are Similarly Afflicted.



MRS. A. H. WATSON.

CREEMORE, Ont., January 13.—The good people of this thriving village now freely and heartily discuss a subject that has interested thousands in other parts of the Dominion.

The popular subject in the quiet and well-ordered homes of this place has nothing to do with politics, religion or foreign matters: even local subjects pertaining to improvements are lost sight of, while the more weighty ones—that of relieving, curing disease and bringing back lost health, by the use of Paine's Celery Compound, is spoken of by young and old.

The record of wonderful cures effected in large centers of population has reached this town, situated on the Mad River, and has developed an interest, especially amongst the sick and their friends, that cannot easily die out or fade from memory.

Residents here have heard how their relatives and friends in other places were cured by Paine's Celery Compound, and have used the great life-giver themselves; no instance of failure or disappointment has been reported; all rejoice because of the banishment of old and dangerous maladies.

For these reasons the people of this village and surrounding country are ready to testify regarding the merits of Paine's Celery Compound, its worth to the afflicted and its superiority over all other preparations.

At the present time it will suffice to mention the name of one prominent family here who truly tested and tried the efficacy of Paine's Celery Compound, and derived results that are wonderful.

Mr. A. H. Watson is the publisher and proprietor of Creemore's popular weekly, the *Mad River Star*. Every resident of Creemore,

know the enterprising proprietor of the *Star*, and many are acquainted with his accomplished and amiable wife.

Mrs. Watson is one of many in this village who has tested the curing powers of Paine's Celery Compound. For many years she suffered severely from violent headache and prostration, and only got rid of her terrible sufferings after a course of treatment with nature's health restorer. For the benefit of other sufferers, Mrs. Watson has kindly consented to have her testimony made public; she says:

"For many years I was sorely troubled with violent headaches, so that at times I was completely prostrated and unable to attend to household duties. I started to use Paine's Celery Compound, and experienced immediate relief; and since using it I have not had a recurrence of the trouble. I consider Paine's Celery Compound an invaluable remedy, and will always be pleased to say a word for it."

This testimony of Mrs. Watson is surely full of encouragement to others in Canada to take the same course, and use the same means. Had she been influenced (as many are at times by dealers interested in big-profit and worthless medicines) to use some other preparation, a cure could not have resulted. No medicine and surely meet such cases as violent headache, prostration, nervousness, sleeplessness, rheumatism, dyspepsia, and run-down constitution. Avoid all medicines that are recommended as just as good as Paine's Celery Compound; they and snarls and delusions, and cannot cure disease.

#### Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

JIM—I wish you such a happy New Year, you dear wretched soul! Your pretty letters are always welcome.

MURKIN.—Quick in temper, bright and vivacious in manner, a very idealist and a most illogical but charming nature, with lots of humor, nervous force, will power, independence and originality.

HEN.—You are vivacious, strong-willed, clever and a little over self-servile; generosity and goodness of heart, with rather impulsive and romantic nature, and some carelessness of detail are yours.

MIZ.—If you had studied my appearance when I received your pencil letter you'd have been alarmed. Kindly note that it is impossible to make a graphological study from lead pencil writing, and govern yourself accordingly. *revoir!*

SLING.—You are a whole souled, breezy and animated person, strong and constant in will, vivacious in manner and very decided in opinions. Caution and a little self-servile are shown, with a decided leaning to the good things of life.

INCROYABLE.—You are egotistic, rather apt to look on the dark side, and to despair in time of trial; very decided in opinion and incline in utterance; somewhat prone to idealise ordinary creatures and utterly incapable of logic. Bless you, a self-willed woman, on my life!

BRUHL.—You are poetical and imaginative, but not very magnetic, with judgment somewhat defective and energy and feeling rather strong; caution is marked and persistent (not noticeable). You have genuine feeling and an honest and truthful method, with love of order.

MRS. JELLYBY.—I hate to refuse you, ma'am, but I can do next to nothing with your study. 2. No, don't invite people whom you know are in mourning and cannot come. Respect their retirement. 3. I am afraid I cannot tell you who is the author of *The World of Care*. Perhaps some reader will.

D. D.—You are careful, methodical, well meaning and persevering. Should be a successful man in time. You have your ambitions and will probably reach them, being discreet and of excellent judgment, and possessing what is commonly called a level head. Honesty, frankness and truth are yours, with a certain amount of tact and love of beauty.

MARY GREEN.—You certainly may call me a friend. I don't see what objection could be made to it. 2. You are truthful, generous, wise and frank in speech and very honest in feeling; a trifle of idealism and a spicce of romance, a rather decided will, and as adaptable but not very responsive nature are yours. Order, method and self-reliance are also evident.

KENNEDY.—Lots of energy, but not much power of economising the same; a matter-of-fact, constant, somewhat dry and humorless person, plenily endowed with will and constancy of purpose; careful in speech, good-tempered and a little fond of praise. I think time should improve this study and add considerable interest. Your nature is open to gentle influence and is very sympathetic.

STUPIDITY.—1. What crinkles of fancy induced you to select that *nom de plume*? Surely it belies you. 2. You are independent, bright and slightly quick-tempered. Your manner should be easy-going, your will rather variable, ambition and sense of humor strong. You have much to learn, and many bouts with fortune to withstand before all the good in you is developed, for there is a great lot of it hidden away somewhere.

VINO.—If this is your third venture you might know better than to send a piece of rhyme. But then you'll never grasp the whole of an idea. You are pale-skinned and of faulty judgment, disengaged to a fault, careless of effect, but anxious for praise. You are cheerful, honest and ambitious, with tenacity and a touch of quick temper. The best point in your writing is its decidedly upward slope and tendency to lofty thought.

ELATION.—Of course you love your country, my lady, and in your case, distance lends enchantment, for you are a confirmed idealist and have a very warm and affectionate nature. You are original, full of moods and fancies, rather self-absorbed and extremely conscientious and anxious for perfection. You shun display of feelings, but are neither dull nor reserved. Your nature is receptive and you are rather given to hold fast to any project you undertake.

VICELT.—1. I am afraid you could not remove the stain of fruit. It would not hurt them in the least to try rinsing them in gasoline. 2. Tell your sister I am not the least bit of a doctor, and haven't the least idea what is good for sick headaches. 3. You are ambitious and of a very genial and sympathetic nature, slightly selfish and well able to take care of yourself. Under a seemingly yielding nature you have a good deal of reserve power and quiet force.

SHERLEY, Sherbrooke.—1. I have a great many duplicate letters like yours, Shirley. It is wonderful how many forget to read the rules before sending in their studies. 2. You are bright and fond of fun, careful in speech and discreet, but not formal; you have some temper, can adapt yourself to circumstances and are not prone to be ambitious or over hopeful. I think you arrive at conclusions

#### Your Family

should be provided with the well-known emergency medicine,

#### AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

The best remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

Prompt to act,  
**Sure to Cure**

**PARQUETTE FLOORS.** Send for designs and price list.  
ELLIOTT & SON, 92 to 96 Bay Street, Toronto.

**AGENTS WANTED,** male and female. To sell our new Kerosene, Eatables, new salts to every householder, our Bread, Cake and Partie Knives, Carver, and Knife and Scissors Sharpener. No capital required. Easy work, big profits. CLAUDE MILLAR CO., 100 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

**FOR FIFTY YEARS!**  
**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**  
has been used by millions of mothers for their babies. It soothes the nerves, cures colic, relieves gripes, relieves pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

slowly and that they are usually just. You have not much tact nor talent for finesse of any sort.

L'AM FORT.—Perhaps you lack thought; I know some stem is necessary, but a course of reading always seems to me as nauseous as a course of medicine. Read what suits you, think over it, talk about it, and if it doesn't do you good let me hear again. But don't read a lot of Ancient History or dry essays and digest them half-digested in conversation. Food for the mind is exactly like food for the body. We take some that is wholesome and some that is not, and when we feel well it is a sign our food agrees with us. We don't think of carrying about samples of it to exhibit. When we read what does us good, our whole nature is elevated and we are better company to ourselves and others. Now, I should vastly like to know what you've been reading and then I might suggest a few books which would benefit you.

BRIDGET.—I. I should say "on," but either is proper. You say, "my house is on-street, I live on-street, but in my house." You don't live in the street, you know; at least, I hope not, this cold weather. 2. How is that a great many marriages, love matches, turn out unhappy? Ah, my dear Irish girl, it is because like the new housekeeper's cake, the sugar is left out. Love has many imitators.

SLING.—You are vivacious, strong-willed, clever and a little over self-servile; generosity and goodness of heart, with rather impulsive and romantic nature, and some carelessness of detail are yours.

BRIDGET.—I. I should say "on," but either is proper.

You say, "my house is on-street, I live on-street, but in

#### Situations Wanted—Male



Expert young man, aged twenty-eight, would like to get into a bank; salary no object. No objection to working after hours.—Judge.

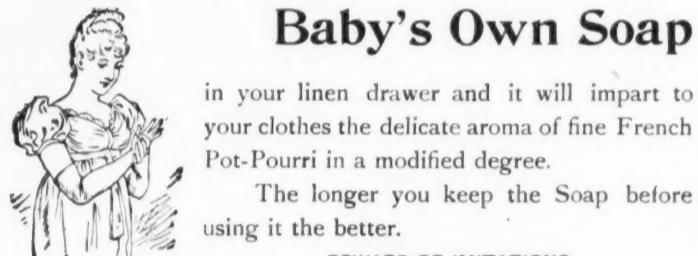
## STERLING SOAP.

Best  
and  
goes  
farthest.

Manufactured By  
**WM. LOGAN,**  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

## Place a Cake

OF . . .



Baby's Own Soap

in your linen drawer and it will impart to your clothes the delicate aroma of fine French Pot-Pourri in a modified degree.

The longer you keep the Soap before using it the better.

**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS**

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Montreal, Sole Manufacturers



They won't smoke any other while they can get OLD CHUM even if they have to beg or borrow it, for there is no other tobacco which assures that cool, mild, sweet smoke. D. Ritchie & Co., Manufacturers, Montreal.

#### Fur Mantles

... AND ...

#### Fur Capes

Latest Styles  
Perfect Fit



Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

**J. & J. Lugsdin - 101 Yonge St. TORONTO**

## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. TELEPHONE 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....	\$2.00
Six Months.....	1.00
Three Months.....	.50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), Prop'ts.

VOL. VII] TORONTO, JAN. 20, 1894. [No. 9

## The Drama.

If when Henry Pettett wrote *Hands Across the Sea* he depended for its success upon its production before audiences such as that which filled Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House on Monday evening, he did not write it in vain. It is just one of those melodramas which meet favor at the hands of an audience who appreciate a play brimming with sensational situations and interesting incidents. I question, however, whether the author would have felt flattened had he been present at Monday night's performance. He would have allowed that the respective characters were fairly well represented: that some of the principals, in fact, did more than ordinary justice to the characters entrusted to them for portrayal, but it is very doubtful whether he would have relished the introduction into *Hands Across the Sea* of Sergeant Simm's Columbian Cadets—a troupe of juvenile negroes, who execute between the first and second acts of the play a variety of military exercises. If it is necessary that these clever, well-trained youngsters should appear in conjunction with the drama, surely there are scores of plays in which their appearance would be far more appropriate than the one under notice. However, whilst Mr. Pettett would unquestionably object to such an innovation, Mr. W. S. Reeves, under whose able management *Hands Across the Sea* was presented, has the satisfaction of knowing that the audience—or, at any rate, the greater part of them—did not object and that they cheered the performance to the echo. Certain it is that a better troupe of trained boys seldom have appeared in public. Their every movement, taken from the drill book of the American army, was executed with the greatest precision and accuracy, and in some cases, notably their bayonet exercise, would have done credit to many a squad of military men, whilst their exercises generally afforded those of our citizen soldiers who were present an opportunity of distinguishing to some extent between the drill in which they themselves were instructed and that performed by Uncle Sam's soldiery. Nevertheless, I think the introduction of the Columbian Cadets was out of place in conjunction with *Hands Across the Sea*. Besides breaking in upon the thread of a somewhat interesting story, it prolonged the entertainment to a late hour, and life is too short to permit of too much of a good thing, even at so popular a place of amusement as Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House. *Hands Across the Sea* fills the bill for the entire week. UNO.

The large crowd that filled the Grand on Monday evening was the worst sold assembly that has gathered in that house this season. We were told that it was the most expensive vaudeville company on the road, and the men about town stopped people on the streets on Monday advising them to go, as it was one of the greatest shows on earth, every individual in it a star. Miss Jessie Dickerson, supposed to be the New York opera singer of that name who appeared here last year in Robin Hood, turned out to be a London music hall female person, probably from Mile End neighborhood, a purveyor of vulgar and slangy gags. The Girards were not what the name led us to expect, and if the lady who whistled was Mrs. Alice Shaw, then no other woman ever made such a fortune and reputation on such an unattractive figure and such a mediocre performance as the said Mrs. Alice Shaw. There are several whistlers in town who quite excel her. D'Alvini gave some of Hermann's specialties, with none of that great master's art. The only feature of the show that was worth seeing was the new dancing effects of Miss Bertha Fisch. Those were pretty indeed. Manager Sheppard was probably the most angry man in the house when the show closed.

The Academy, like the Grand, has been giving us a week of vaudeville, and considering the prices charged the show is a good one.

The Lacrosse Club minstrels are performing at the Grand the last two days of the week, and the great advance sale of seats guarantees jam up houses.

Herrmann, the magician, will be at the Grand next week, and will be greeted by the good houses that his excellent entertainment always deserves.

The Bottom of the Sea will be staged at Jacobs & Sparrow's next week, and the California Opera Company at the Academy of Music.

Agnes Knox will give a recital in Association Hall on Monday evening, Jan. 29. Since her last appearance in this city she has visited Britain and appeared in its chief centers, winning golden press encomiums on her every appearance. James Oliphant, M.A., F.R.S.E. In his article, Recitation as a Fine Art, speaks of her as follows: "It was a revelation of what can be done by a true, interpretative artist, when the material is of the finest quality. The power of the impression rested mainly, of course, on the mastery of voice and feature, and on the intensity with which the passion was realized by the reciter."

No pains are being spared by the Trinity Dramatic Club to make their performances of



A Song at Twilight—F. S. CHALLENER



Mermet Roses—M. H. REID



Making Dutch Wooden Shoes (Clumpen)—F. M. BELL SMITH

Some Pictures at the Palette Club Exhibition.

the 26th and 27th instant the eminent success that the plays to be produced demand. Betsy, F. C. Barnard's famous three-act comedy, will be presented to a Toronto audience for the first time. It is a play sparkling with wit, and full of laughable situations, without being too farcical, something which should not fail to take, and which under Mr. Martin Cleworth's management should certainly be the case.

The following is the complete cast: Messrs. Cattanach, Pottenger, Gwyn, McMurrich, Saunders, Osborne and Wilkie, and Mrs. Cleworth, and the Misses Shanly, Heward, Edith Heward, Wadsworth and Jarvis.

Miss Marguerite Dunn gave a recital in West Association Hall on Tuesday evening, and her various selections were very much enjoyed. In some of her pieces she evinced her talent in a striking way. Of her assistants those making the best impression were Miss Redpath, vocalist, and a younger Miss Redpath, pianist.

Miss Alexander will appear at the Caledonian Society's Burns anniversary concert next week.

James Whitcomb Riley is America's national poet. He has sung the songs of our life as no one else has done, and is safely enshrined for all time in the love of his fellow men. He has written from the heart to the heart, and the applause which has met his efforts testifies with what great success. A new volume from his pen is seized with eagerness, and tens of thousands of copies disappear in a few days. But great as has been the demand for Mr. Riley's works, the desire to see and hear the poet in his homely impersonations has been greater. A more successful tour than his last, which extended from ocean to ocean, has not been recorded. East, west, north, south, everywhere the people want Riley. His programmes, always new, present such a variety, such a range of dramatic action that an evening with him is an event in the life of every person who hears him. Douglas Sherley needs no introduction to the students of the best American literature. Critics have compared his work to the prose writings of Edgar Allan Poe. His pen has an exquisite touch that challenges admiration. At his Southern home he is a favorite whose perpetual good humor and vivacious versatility are both the admiration and the envy of his friends. He tells with fetchingunction his own father's estimate of that famous versatility. "Why," said the amiable father, "if Moody and Sankey were to come to Louisville, and the one who did the praying or the one who did the singing were to drop dead with apoplexy on the platform, Douglas would take right hold where the deceased left off and finish up the service; and next week if Dan Rice should come along with his trick mules, and one of them should break the neck of the trained rider, Douglas would lay hold raw-handed and ride the mule,

or get his neck cracked, also!" The Riley-Sherley engagement at the Pavilion on the 30th inst. is easily the literary event of the season. It constitutes the fourth number in Kleiser's Star Course. The plan of seats opens at Nordheimer's next Monday, January 22, at 10 a.m.

## The Palette Club Exhibition

A LITTLE more than a year ago a small band of workers formed an organization now known as the Palette Club.

There was not a member of it who had

not profited by a sojourn and study in older countries, and most of them had seen their work on the walls of the *Salon*, the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery, as well as in exhibitions held in American centers. The immediate object of the club was to hold several small and choice exhibitions each year, hoping in this way to do something towards raising the standard of taste and at the same time to show by means of such exhibitions that a healthful and beautiful art was spring-

ing up among us. The exhibition of last May at Mr. Matthews' gallery proved to all visitors that we had in our midst those who need not hesitate to show their work to the most cultured in art matters, and now the same organization presents us, at Mr. Roberts' gallery on King street, with a winter exhibition of even greater excellence. Every class of subject is represented, and the treatment is as varied as the subjects. We reproduce in to-day's edition of SATURDAY NIGHT sketches of some of the pictures, and hope next week to add as many more and give our readers some pen descriptions as well.

Mr. A. R. Fawcett, one of the best known weekly newspaper men in the province, has sold out the Streetsville Review, which, under his magic management, was pulled out of the hole and made to flourish, and has started The Semi-Weekly Leader at Toronto Junction. He has laid in power presses and a modern plant, and aims to give York county such a paper as it never yet had. He is the very man to do it, too.



James Whitcomb Riley and Douglas Sherley



The Hod Carrier—G. A. REID.

## Shadow River.\*

## For Saturday Night.

River of Shadows, thou water most mystical,  
From whose deep bosom, at all times most calm,  
Nature's great beauties are ever reflected back,  
Thou're like the "still waters" of David's sweet psalm

Oft have I glided alone o'er thy wanderings,  
Bright sky above me, beneath, waters pure,  
Ever my blook bark boat carefully piloting  
Lest its faint ripple some painting obscure.

Just let me tell you, this poem is of a poet  
well dowered and well born,  
it comes to a "man comrade,"  
himself bound in a plaid, as much pleasure  
as a woman general reverse element,  
which I cite b

under an engaged woman friend a

anta. She invit

"I want a life so far away,  
come to the house little lunch together,  
I rode some business and pleasure,  
was so hungry the  
secured a  
turned over the  
glance, and look  
"Will you have  
forget that insta  
said plaintively,  
just what please  
moment. I must  
left us. I am pro  
and I rose to t  
and ordered, and  
more, and wild  
extras, and when  
bit it was too  
gestion, brought  
nervous tension  
very good lunche

## Condemned.

## For Saturday Night.

A woman, haggard and broken,  
Struggled alone with life;

Beaten and bruised in the strife,  
Weary and worn in the strife.

She thought of her early girlhood  
When the roses were all a-bloom,

When no grim and sulky shadows

Foresaw the coming of gloom..

Then there was grace and beauty,  
Laughter instead of tears,  
But she buried them one gray morning  
In the grave of the backward years.  
Only a day of sorrow,  
Only a night of care,  
And the trusting soul of a woman  
Is drifting, God knows where.

She remembers her first far wandering  
From the lights of a sheltered fold;  
She remembers the dream of her life-love,  
The sweetest that ever was told,  
The anguish (God have mercy!)  
When the first doubts entered in,  
The breaking of all the old ties,  
With the coming of death and sin.

Temptation, trial and heartache;  
Weariness, want and woe,  
'Long the shores of the black, black river  
Gleams of hope that come and go.  
Drifting, drifting onward,  
With soiled, torn sails unfurled;  
Drifting, drifting onward  
With the uncaring world.

Standing condemned, forsaken,  
Soul that was once so white,  
Heart that was once so cared for  
Breaking alone to-night.

GRETCHEN VON STRAUSS

## Love-Land.

## For Saturday Night.

Far beyond the fading sunset  
And the skies of deepest blue,  
Lie a land of mist and shadow,  
Long the haunt of loves true.

'Tis the home of Youth and Beauty,  
Wealth and Fame are strangers there;  
Love alone reigns there supremely,  
Love alone makes all things fair.

Loud the song of joy are ringing,  
Rolling on the scented breeze;  
Love and pipe, and maiden voices  
All the amorous sense please.

Soft the silver light is falling  
From the tender moon on high;  
In the shade soft eyes are gleaming,  
Bright as stars that deck the sky.

Death never enters this fair garden;  
Youth's first Love is always true;  
Age can never pass the portal;  
Grief fades like the morning dew.

Over the seas of deeper beauty  
Float the notes of joyous song;  
Softly gleams the whitened raiment  
Of a slowly moving throng.

On the breeze, like bees sweet-laden,  
Move the music-bearing train;  
Like a ship with treasure laden  
Slowly sailing home again.

Hand in hand float Youth and Beauty,  
Past the shores of Death and Woe;  
Sink they to their rest sweet given,  
In the sea of Long Ago.

B. KELLY.

## So They Say.

They say: Are words oft spoken when we talk about our friends,  
They're easy, safe, convenient, if our tale some one offends ;  
When we're telling how our brother slipped from off the narrow way,  
We don't use any names, you know, but merely—

So they say !

Thus they say : Young Rounder is getting awfully fast,  
That when to make some New Year's calls from house to house he passed,  
He shook hands with a hat-rack saying, "Hope you'll well to-day!"

So they say !

They say that pretty Mrs. Larks, that lively married belle, Has found her husband's wealth to be decidedly a sell, So her admirers must "shell out" to aid her charms display.

It must be all mere slander ! but really—

So they say !

They say that worthy person, whose preaching is as fine, Likes visiting the widow, as enjoined by law divine, And what's more ; married ladies (when their husbands are away) Will not fall off my when

asked me to come to the thermometers, the thermometer freezing in the laughter bubbles quaffed the juice and sparkling ; the water was salt with one drunk. What

me as I think of the for some of them

the rest.

I had rather a I made the circuit You know how C parks and boulevards and you can fancy doing the circuit of a man's day. At no tired enough, and un handsome house, wheel turning in, a ball and asking in water, I didn't on which to complete miles would not have asked me to come to the dining-room of the Cure for lady of the wrecks of and morphine-rail. Of the handsome eyes, that follow the hide the morphine holds the deadly with no backward breath when I open gates. And ber that luncheon.

REGINALD GOURLAY.

**Between You and Me.**

There are many little curious differences in the way men and women transact the ordinary affairs of life, and in no one act do they more widely differ than in the way they "treat." Perhaps some purist will protest against this slang expression, but I have tried all through the dictionary to find a classic equivalent and failed.

Just let me tell you that unless your woman friend is of a peculiarly sensible, generous and well-dowered sort, you will fare better, when it comes to a "treat," with your most ordinary man comrade, than with her. A man considers himself bound to give you as little trouble and as much pleasure as is possible to the occasion; a woman generally fixes things just on the reverse scale. One day, one memorable day, which I cite by way of illustration, I was under an engagement to lunch with a smart woman friend at one of the swell city restaurants. She invited me a week beforehand, saying, "I want a cosy chat with you, and as I live so far away I'm not going to ask you to come to the house. We'll just have a nice little lunch together, down town." That morning I rode some ten miles, here and there on business and pleasure, and when noon came I was so hungry that I deliberated as to whether I had not better tone down a cyclist's ravenous appetite with some trifles of soup or sandwich before I was called for by the lady. However, before I decided, she came, with a stranger to whom I was introduced as a member of the "cosy little chat" arranged for. We sought the overcrowded dining-hall and secured a vacant table. The lady turned over the bill of fare with a doubtful glance, and looking earnestly at me enquired, "Will you have a cup of tea?" I shall never forget that instant. "I never take lunch," she said plaintively. "But you two may order just what pleases you. Please excuse me a moment. I must speak to Mrs. —," and she left us. I am proud to say that the stranger and I rose to the opportunity. We plotted, and ordered, and ate, and chatted, and ordered more, and wildly plunged into dainties and extras, and when the bill came we were sorry, but it was too late. I never had such indigestion, brought on no doubt by the extreme nervous tension under which I consumed the very good luncheon. And the lady has never asked me to lunch since!

A man doesn't ask if you'll have "tea," not unless he is a miracle of meanness. He glances over the bill of fare in a lordly manner, and recommends about a dozen things to your notice. To hear and see him, you'd think his noonday meals averaged a cost of three dollars apiece. And this funny way of his tickles your sense of humor in the most appetizing manner. You have to protest and beg for just a drop of cream of celery, just a taste of roast duck or spring chicken, to avow your horror of salads, and your contempt for pie, and after much trouble to confess that French coffee does seem palatable. That's the way you are treated by a man luncher, and don't you every one know it? And the man asks you more than once, too!

When I go to New York there is a certain corner table at a big hotel on Fifth avenue that stands between me and my ideal man luncher. (There, there! he's the nearest of relatives, and Mr. Gay knows all about it.) We sit and discuss business and fun and every delicacy that the season affords, and watch the crowds surging past Madison Square, and the nearest relative tells me outrageous stories of what he sees and knows of the queer happenings of Gotham. And by and by we think of engagements or trains or boats, and we hurry up the last crumbs of our ideal luncheon and betake ourselves to travel or toll, and feel that though we search the world over we could not have lunched in better comfort or better company.

One could write a book of retrospective luncheons; at least I could. Of luncheons hundreds of feet underground and hundreds of feet above ground; luncheons carved with a bowie knife or delicately manipulated with tools of gold and silver and mother of pearl; luncheons eaten in terror of death, and luncheons dawdled over in the *dolce far niente* of luxury and ease; luncheons languidly swallowed under vine-shaded arbors in Eastern lands, and luncheons hurriedly devoured with the thermometer way out of count and the beer freezing in the glass; luncheons where the laughter bubbled from the rosy lips as they quaffed the juice of Frankish vineyards cold and sparkling; luncheons where the white water was salt with tears that fell like rain as one drank. What a vista of a life opens before me as I think of them, and my soul is hungry for some of them and faints at the memory of the rest.

I had rather a queer lunch last summer, as I made the circuit of Chicago on my wheel. You know how Chicago is belted about with parks and boulevards, in a lovely green girdle, and you can fancy the fine time one might have doing the circuit on a sweet, cool, breezy, summer's day. At noon time I was hungry and tired enough, and I came upon a pretty carriage way, and under towering trees a large handsome house, and somehow I found the wheel turning in, and myself ringing the hall bell and asking in faltering tones for a glass of water. I didn't want water—Chicago water on which to complete a ride of some forty-five miles would not be just the best thing. They asked me to come in and have lunch—just as my guardian angel had whispered they would—and where do you think I lunched? In the dining-room of the Martha Washington Home and Cure for lady dipsomaniacs. I wonder did not fall off my wheel, as I rode away thinking of the wrecks of womanhood, brandy-cursed and morphine-ruined, whom I had a glimpse of. The handsome park is full of eyes, watchful eyes, that follow the inebriate's every step, that discover the secret place where she hides the morphine, and the hollow tree which holds the deadly opium package. I rode fast, with no backward glances, and drew a long breath when I passed the beautiful, wide, open gates. And I think I shall ever remember that luncheon.

LADY GAY.



BY. CHARLES. LEWIS. SHAW.

with that wonderful calm of Egyptian art. I then seemed to feel the littleness of self and the brevity of earthly time.

There was silence in our boat as we landed, and every man as he looked at the gigantic figures which were now bathed in moonlight seemed fascinated with their strange beauty and impressed by their awful calm. All around was a desolation unspeakable; the vast silence of the night was unbroken, save by the murmur of the storied river that laved the face of the cliff.

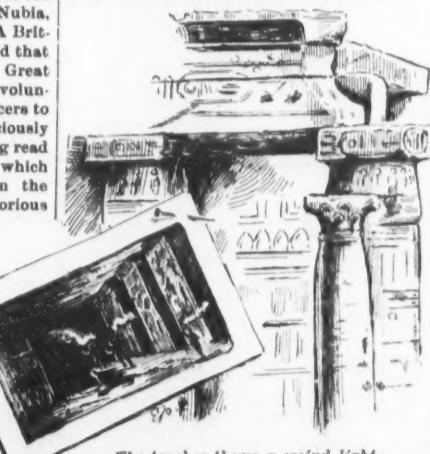
Across the sands that drifted over the graves of a buried world, the four mammoth figures gazed with a cynical calm that was almost god-like in its seeming scorn of the progress of time and the lightness of human efforts. Their awe-inspiring effect is indescribable, their smile of supernatural majesty cannot be conveyed. Descriptions may be written and measurements made, but they cannot possibly give even a faint idea of the emotions conjured up by that wonderful combination of grandeur and desolation. The storms of ages had drifted the sands almost to the feet of the colossi, and it was with considerable difficulty that we found the entrance. Candles were lighted and we found ourselves in a marvelous hall running far into the sandstone hill. The walls were carved with arrays of hieroglyphics and pictures of ancient wars—scenes, we are told, in the life of Rameses. Off the hall were various chambers on the principle, apparently, of chapels in a cathedral, the walls of which were lavishly illustrated with all the gorgeousness and incomprehensible charm of Egyptian art. A chamber which led from the extreme end of the hall seemed to have been of special importance, for not only were the paintings on the walls more profuse, but there were two statues, beautiful in design and perfect in every particular, seated on their respective thrones. Before these figures was a stone table which had apparently been used for sacrificial purposes. The figures, I believe, represented Rameses and his Queen. The feelings of awe inspired by the colossi had been intensified at every step through this wonderful work of departed greatness, and here in the heart of the mountain these figures seemed by the half-light of our candles like beings from another world. We spoke in whispers and almost reverentially looked on the mysterious statues and the incomprehensible legends on the walls.

I noticed that Gorman had thrown himself at the feet of Rameses. I for a moment thought that I had misjudged the man and that the influence of the scene had so possessed him that in a species of hysteria or ecstasy he had prostrated himself in adoration before the statue of the ancient king. Oh, no; I didn't misjudge Gorman: He was not of the worshipping kind. There was no such sentimental nonsense about him. Gorman was essentially practical. He probably thought that as the former owner of the dug-out, as he considered the temple, had died in the neighborhood of 3340 years ago without any legal heirs, some statute of limitations must operate and that he had as much right to it as anybody else. The click, click of the small rock which Gorman held in his hand and actually pounded the foot of the perfect figure with, attracted the attention of the other officers and they curiously clustered around him.

"May I ask what you are doing, Major Gorman?" said a young English officer politely.

Gorman never missed a blow and in a matter-of-fact tone said, "Knocking one of the toes off this old image."

"For God's sake, man," another officer burst out, "what are you going to do that for?"



I will always remember the look of horror and disgust on the faces of officers and men when Gorman imperturbably answered, "Why, I am going to take the toe back to Canada as a curio."

A half hour's hard pull against the current in the moonlight and we were in the shadow of a cliff rising almost perpendicularly from the water's edge. There were some exclamations from the officers in the stern. I looked up. I may be impressionable; Celtic blood may cause me to be superstitious; a Highland nurse's weird stories may have had their influence, but the first sight of those four colossal figures carved in the facade of that cliff comes to me again and again as I am sinking into the semi-oblivion of immortality. Immortal they were to me then, as in weird majesty they seemed to gaze over rock, desert and river.

Everybody fell back. Gorman kept on pounding. No one said anything. The Canadian officers were in a sense the guests of their British fellows and we boatmen were not engaged for the purpose of correcting militia-men in matters of taste. We wouldn't have had time for our work. Apparently the Englishmen and the Canadians were disgusted at the vandalism, for they left the chamber.

I was anxious as a mere study of human de-

pravity to see how Gorman got along with his work and the feelings that he might display, so I remained. We were alone. Gorman had placed his candle on the knee of the sitting monarch, so I seated myself on the lap of his

wife and watched the efforts of the amateur stone-cutter.

"How are you getting along, Major?" I said, as I reclined against the stony bosom of her deceased majesty and proceeded to light my pipe. The amputation of the toe was apparently going to take time. He gave a thundering whack at the foot and said, "Slowly; it's terribly tough."

"Any come on it?" I said. "Maybe the lamented king wore his sandals too tight. What toe are you after anyhow? Have you any particular one in view, any one your soul specially yearns for? The little one, eh? I'm not much of a connoisseur in toes, but I think your judgment and taste are correct. The favorite toe is generally the little one, that is, among the best people. You will be quite popular in society when you return with it. Just think of taking a lady into the conservatory between dances and producing that little toe from the tall of your evening coat. You will be the lion of the season. But why restrict yourself to toes, Major?" I continued.

"You might pack home a varied assortment of ears, fingers and noses. They would be interesting."

Gorman here told me to hold my tongue, and I was silent for a short time as I changed to the other side of the queen's lap. Stone laps are not comfortable. Gorman still pounded on.

"Pardon me, Major," I said as I lit a match on the left knee-cap of my couch. "Why didn't you get some of the toes of the kings around Luxor, Edouf and other places in Egypt? Why are you specially after Rameses? Are you down on him or have you got anything against him particularly? Remember the man is dead—very dead—about thirty-four hundred years, they say. Time, the healer of all wrongs, has had, goodness knows, chance enough to get in its work. It is cruel; it is unchristian to feel a grudge against a man who has been in his grave for thirty-three and one-half centuries. Rameses II, was tyrannical, unscrupulous and despotic, but because he was ambitious there is no necessity for knocking the little toe off his statue."

Gorman here said he would have me put under arrest for insolence. He was mad. He hit the foot a fierce blow and his object was attained. After fondly grasping the small piece of rock he took the candle in his hand



yelling like a half-starved coyote. I was so overcome with silent laughter that to support myself I had to place my arm around Mrs. Rameses' waist. It was in the dark. In a few minutes we saw lights approaching and several of our party appeared. When Gorman saw me seated a few feet from him intently engaged in lighting a candle, he didn't say anything. He seemed to be doing a lot of thinking as he walked to the boat, but he held on to Rameses' toe.

**Seeking a Divorce.**

He came into the office of one of our leading attorneys and plunged dejectedly down into a chair.

"Say," he began, "are you a tip-top lawyer? Never fail in a case?"

"I try to be," was the lawyer's modest reply. "What can I do for you?"

"I want to get a divorce."

"Have you sufficient reasons for separation?"

"You just bet I have!"

"Well, kindly tell me your troubles and I will let you have my opinion."

"Five years ago I married a country girl because I thought I'd get a sensible one. Got that down?"

"Yes."

"Well, things went nicely for two years; then came the rub."

"Yes."

"The first thing she did was to go and buy a lot of love-sick novels to find out how society in London was carried on."

"Yes."

"I didn't mind that; but after she had nosed around a bit she began to get her hifalutin ideas."

"Yes."

"Well, she commenced with makin' me get two servants. Then she made us have breakfast off the mantel-piece—that is, get up an' help yourself."

"Yes."

"Then she made me belong to three or four clubs, an' made it hot for me if I came earlier than one o'clock. Got that?"

"Next she made the servants call her milady. But she capped the climax by sayin' one day that she was sufferin' from enwe. I went to a doctor an' asked him what the deuce that was, an' he told me it was French for that tired feeling. That settled it. From that on it was enwe an' enter nong, an' bullyung, an' soloong an' parley voo, an'—well, then she went in for music. She called Wagner 'Vagner,' Liszt 'Leest,' an' ended the whole business by calling me her charmangie. Say, don't you think you could fix it up right off before she takes to runnin' around with Italian singers and runnin' for school commissioner?"—*Syracuse Journal*.

**Pomp and the Jackass.**

The country store in the sunny South is the rendezvous for all the village inhabitants, large and small, black or white, where the news is circulated and jokes perpetrated.

A group of loungers were seated in a store of this kind when a coffee-colored coon, with sloping shoulders and ears at right angles to his head, shuffled through the doorway.

"Hello, Pomp," said one of the loungers. "You're looking just like that lion I saw this morning."

"Lion!" said Pomp, with his hat on end.

"Where was he?"

"In Jake Smith's livery stable."

"Sho! What he look like?"

"Oh, he had legs, and body, and long ears."

"Dat wasn't no lion, yo' poor white trash," returned the darkey, disgusted. "Dat was a jackass."

"Well, you look just like him," answered the loungers with a grin.

Pomp saw the joke, though he didn't like it to be on him. Just then a neighbor planter entered the store and the negro saw a chance to repeat the jest at another's expense. "Morning, Massa Johnson," said he. "Yo' look jest like dat lion I saw yes'day."

"Where did you see a lion, you fool?" was the courteous response.

"Down Massa Smith's lib'y stables. Had legs an' body, an' big, long ears."

"That wasn't a lion," said the planter.

"Dat was it!" asked Pomp eagerly.

"Why, a looking-glass, you black coon," answered the planter contemptuously, amid a general roar of laughter.—*Yankee Blade*.

**What Newsboys Say.**

The boys who sell papers near Brooklyn Bridge on the streets, when not engaged in puffing the insidious cigarette or cigar stump, are keen and bright, as their communings show.

"Wot yer going to holler ter day, Jamesy?" said one of the leaders of the squad to his partner this afternoon.

"I'm going to sing out: 'Ere's your Central Persiflale train robbers. They make a fyasko and skip."

"What's a fyasko, Jimmy?"

"I dunno, edzactly, Patsey; but it's a heap of money, you can bet your life on that."

"Well," said Patsey, "I'm going ter holler: 'Desperate fight on the Bowery. Jones's gallant defence.'"

"What's a gallant defence?"

"Hittin' a woman wid a club."

This took Jimmy back a little; but he soon recovered from the temporary shock and said: "If I don't hit 'em hard wid de ex fyasko, I'll holler: 'Latest bulletline from Washington; dangerous condishun of President Cleveland. That'll knock 'em sure.'"

A young fellow was looking over the various purchases of his step-mother, intended for a long and varied list. "Did you say this was for the new clergyman?" he enquired, holding up one card. "Yes, that with the dove flying against the blue sky. Pretty, isn't it?" He gave a low whistle. "You didn't happen to read the legend, I suppose!" She shook her head. "I never thought of it. Why?" He tossed it into her lap and she saw: "I would take thee to my bosom, but thou wilt not come." The new clergyman did not get his Christmas card.—*N. Y. Times*.

**Short Stories Retold.**

The company marched so poorly and went through the drill so badly that the captain, who was somewhat of an excitable nature, shouted indignantly at the soldiers, "You knock-kneed duffers, you are not worthy of being drilled by a captain. What you need is a rhinoceros to drill you, you wretched donkeys!" Then sheathing his sword indignantly the captain said, "Now, lieutenant, you take charge of the company."

The Duke of Roquelaure, a favorite of Louis XIV., was excessively plain-looking. One day he fell in with an Auvergnat who had a favor to ask of the King. Roquelaure interceded on his behalf, and, in doing so, informed His Majesty that he was under a great obligation to the man. The prayer was granted, and a few days later the King asked the Duke the nature of his obligation to the Auvergnat. "Ah! Sire," he replied, "but for this baboon I should be the ugliest man in the whole of France!" — *Le Monde Pittoresque*.

A story is told of two Irishmen who were caught asleep one night in the loft of a burning building. One of them hastily drew on his trowsers and jumped from the window. In his fright and hurry he had unconsciously pulled on the garment wrong side foremost with an effect which, when he recovered his equilibrium after the jump, excited his profound consternation. "Pat! Pat!" called out his companion, still in the loft, "air ye kill entirely?" "No, Molke," replied Pat, in hopeless tones, "it's not kill Oi am, me b'ye, but I fear we Oi'm fatally twishted!"

When the Prince of Wales visited the United States, many years ago, they gave a great ball in his honor in St. Louis. Governor Stewart of Missouri came down from Jefferson City to do credit to it, and in the course of the evening became very happy, very proud, not to say enthusiastic. He and the prince were stationed on a little platform raised for them at one side of the hall, where the beauty and brilliancy and blue blood of St. Louis swept by them in dazzling review. The spectacle elevated Stewart's feelings several notches. Finally he administered a mighty slap to the royal back, and exclaimed: "Prince, don't you wish you was governor of Mizzourah?" — *Argonaut*.

In 1842 Longfellow, accompanied by his father-in-law, Mr. Appleton, and the son of the latter, put up at the Raven Hotel, Zurich. At the end of their stay the landlord presented them with his bill, the total amount of which was simply outrageous, even for a Swiss inn-keeper of that period. Mr. Appleton, however, settled it; but the poet gave vent to his feelings in the subjoined epigram, which he wrote in the visitors' book:

Beware of the Raven of Zürich;  
It is a bird of omen ill,  
With an ugly, uncouth nest,  
And a very, very long "bill." — *Le Monde Illustré*.

In October last the Central Bank, Antwerp, notified Messrs. T. — and Co., importers of wheat, that henceforth only one thousand francs' worth of five franc pieces would be received at a single payment. This intimation enraged the excitable head of the firm to such a degree that he at once consulted a lawyer, who told him that, in the eyes of the law, the bank was not entitled to impose any such restriction. Whereupon the head of the firm stated in reply to the usk of the bank that in the future all their payments should be effected in five franc pieces. And he kept his word. Every time he had to pay money into the bank he bought up all the five-franc pieces he could collect from the other banks and forwarded them to the Banque Centrale. A few weeks ago he paid in the sum of 60,000<sup>fr.</sup>, which had to be conveyed on a wagon hired for the purpose, and which took a couple of tellers ever so long to count. — *Étoile Belge*.

**LIFE OR DEATH!**

When the Hungry Ask for Bread, Shall They Receive a Stone?

When the Sick Seek a Cure, Will They be Given a Medicine to Increase Their Sufferings?

Beware of the Recommendation, "Just as Good!"

Paine's Celery Compound, the World's Great Healer and Life Giver!

When a child asks his father for bread, will he receive a stone? When a poor and famishing mortal asks for food to support his ailing parents, will he be given something that will add to suffering or end his life?

Fortunately for the deserving poor of our country, we have very few in our midst who are callous and indifferent to want, famine and distress. When the hungry ask to be filled, there is always a noble and honest response that is creditable to all classes of our population.

Notwithstanding the fact that our people are charitably disposed and ready to relieve poverty, we regret to say that there are men in our midst—business men, too—who do not hesitate to take advantage of men and women who are brought low by disease and suffering, and whose lives are in peril. These business men (we thank Heaven they

are few in number) wilfully and deliberately withhold from the sick and afflicted the only remedy that can meet their cases and give a new life; and will take the money of their victims for medicines they recommend because of the immense profits they make, never taking thought for the precious life of the buyer, or caring whether pain and suffering is even alleviated for one short hour.

This unbusiness-like, unmanly and unwarthy policy is followed by some dealers when Paine's celery compound is plainly and distinctly asked.

This dishonest practice of substituting—something just as good—is carried on because Paine's celery compound does not pay as large a profit as inferior and worthless preparations;

When the sufferer goes or sends to such selfish and profit-loving dealers for Paine's celery compound (a medicine which is as necessary for the cure of disease as is bread for the appeasing of hunger), he is met with the remark, politely uttered, "I have something else just as good;" and the buyer is often induced to take a decoction that adds to an already heavy burden of misery and suffering.

It is well that our Canadian people should know that there is nothing in this world as good as Paine's celery compound; nothing else can cope effectively with rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, indigestion, impure blood, headache, and all the troubles that are making men and women weak, nervous and sleepless.

Any honest and straightforward dealer will supply you with earth's best medicine; they will never try to force you to take something else that could give the larger profits. Go, therefore, for Paine's celery compound to the man who has a record for your judgment and your necessities; he will gladly and willingly give what you ask for.

In the past many have traded on the reputation and wonderful success of Paine's celery compound, by putting up mixtures to take the place of the genuine article. All such attempts are made to deceive and draw profits that can never be made when Paine's celery compound is sold.

Look well to the cartoon and bottle; see that the word "Paine's" and the "Stalk of Celery" appear on what you purchase. To the sick and suffering this important matter means life or death.

**Wraps and Gowns.**

**A** TOUCH of luxury is ever attendant upon the really handsome opera cloak. It is a distinct and elegant garment, marking the woman of means and *savoir vivre*, and its richness may be imperial without remonstrance. It, like charity, covers a multitude of sins and shortcomings in whatever garments it hides from critical comment, and shields the wearer from many a sly draught of winter wind, which might be her passport into the land of invalidism and even further. For a tall woman I have selected a sweeping model of palest heliotrope silk, brocaded in blue and gold, very stately and extremely chic. The lining is of a pale blue and the border of Mongolian fur. Other tints and other furs give fine effects, but this one is par excellence a beautiful garment.

A long cloak of cream-white cloth, with triple capes edged with sable, is pretty for a youthful woman; and a black velvet, with puffs under the edge of soft white chiffon and a perfectly enormous bow of chiffon under the chin, was quite enchanting on a fair-haired,

Hotel Clerk.—Did you tell that old gentleman from the country that he mustn't blow out the gas, as I told you?

Barnet (new boy)—Yes, sorr; but it's so afear'd to thrust him Oi was, sorr, I blowed it owt messil, sorr.—*Judge*.

"She is a very good-hearted girl. Why, you should just see how that girl lavishes presents upon her chaperon and how kind she is to her.

"You call that being good-hearted? I call it being level-headed." — *N. Y. Press*.

Hotel Clerk.—Did you tell that old gentleman from the country that he mustn't blow out the gas, as I told you?

Barnet (new boy)—Yes, sorr; but it's so afear'd to thrust him Oi was, sorr, I blowed it owt messil, sorr.—*Judge*.

"She is a very good-hearted girl. Why, you should just see how that girl lavishes presents upon her chaperon and how kind she is to her.

"You call that being good-hearted? I call it being level-headed." — *N. Y. Press*.

Hotel Clerk.—Did you tell that old gentleman from the country that he mustn't blow out the gas, as I told you?

Barnet (new boy)—Yes, sorr; but it's so afear'd to thrust him Oi was, sorr, I blowed it owt messil, sorr.—*Judge*.

"She is a very good-hearted girl. Why, you should just see how that girl lavishes presents upon her chaperon and how kind she is to her.

"You call that being good-hearted? I call it being level-headed." — *N. Y. Press*.

Hotel Clerk.—Did you tell that old gentleman from the country that he mustn't blow out the gas, as I told you?

Barnet (new boy)—Yes, sorr; but it's so afear'd to thrust him Oi was, sorr, I blowed it owt messil, sorr.—*Judge*.

"She is a very good-hearted girl. Why, you should just see how that girl lavishes presents upon her chaperon and how kind she is to her.

"You call that being good-hearted? I call it being level-headed." — *N. Y. Press*.

Hotel Clerk.—Did you tell that old gentleman from the country that he mustn't blow out the gas, as I told you?

Barnet (new boy)—Yes, sorr; but it's so afear'd to thrust him Oi was, sorr, I blowed it owt messil, sorr.—*Judge*.

"She is a very good-hearted girl. Why, you should just see how that girl lavishes presents upon her chaperon and how kind she is to her.

"You call that being good-hearted? I call it being level-headed." — *N. Y. Press*.

Hotel Clerk.—Did you tell that old gentleman from the country that he mustn't blow out the gas, as I told you?

Barnet (new boy)—Yes, sorr; but it's so afear'd to thrust him Oi was, sorr, I blowed it owt messil, sorr.—*Judge*.

"She is a very good-hearted girl. Why, you should just see how that girl lavishes presents upon her chaperon and how kind she is to her.

"You call that being good-hearted? I call it being level-headed." — *N. Y. Press*.

Hotel Clerk.—Did you tell that old gentleman from the country that he mustn't blow out the gas, as I told you?

Barnet (new boy)—Yes, sorr; but it's so afear'd to thrust him Oi was, sorr, I blowed it owt messil, sorr.—*Judge*.

"She is a very good-hearted girl. Why, you should just see how that girl lavishes presents upon her chaperon and how kind she is to her.

"You call that being good-hearted? I call it being level-headed." — *N. Y. Press*.

Hotel Clerk.—Did you tell that old gentleman from the country that he mustn't blow out the gas, as I told you?

Barnet (new boy)—Yes, sorr; but it's so afear'd to thrust him Oi was, sorr, I blowed it owt messil, sorr.—*Judge*.

"She is a very good-hearted girl. Why, you should just see how that girl lavishes presents upon her chaperon and how kind she is to her.

"You call that being good-hearted? I call it being level-headed." — *N. Y. Press*.

Hotel Clerk.—Did you tell that old gentleman from the country that he mustn't blow out the gas, as I told you?

Barnet (new boy)—Yes, sorr; but it's so afear'd to thrust him Oi was, sorr, I blowed it owt messil, sorr.—*Judge*.

"She is a very good-hearted girl. Why, you should just see how that girl lavishes presents upon her chaperon and how kind she is to her.

"You call that being good-hearted? I call it being level-headed." — *N. Y. Press*.

Hotel Clerk.—Did you tell that old gentleman from the country that he mustn't blow out the gas, as I told you?

Barnet (new boy)—Yes, sorr; but it's so afear'd to thrust him Oi was, sorr, I blowed it owt messil, sorr.—*Judge*.

"She is a very good-hearted girl. Why, you should just see how that girl lavishes presents upon her chaperon and how kind she is to her.

"You call that being good-hearted? I call it being level-headed." — *N. Y. Press*.

Hotel Clerk.—Did you tell that old gentleman from the country that he mustn't blow out the gas, as I told you?

Barnet (new boy)—Yes, sorr; but it's so afear'd to thrust him Oi was, sorr, I blowed it owt messil, sorr.—*Judge*.

"She is a very good-hearted girl. Why, you should just see how that girl lavishes presents upon her chaperon and how kind she is to her.

"You call that being good-hearted? I call it being level-headed." — *N. Y. Press*.

Hotel Clerk.—Did you tell that old gentleman from the country that he mustn't blow out the gas, as I told you?

Barnet (new boy)—Yes, sorr; but it's so afear'd to thrust him Oi was, sorr, I blowed it owt messil, sorr.—*Judge*.

"She is a very good-hearted girl. Why, you should just see how that girl lavishes presents upon her chaperon and how kind she is to her.

"You call that being good-hearted? I call it being level-headed." — *N. Y. Press*.

Hotel Clerk.—Did you tell that old gentleman from the country that he mustn't blow out the gas, as I told you?

Barnet (new boy)—Yes, sorr; but it's so afear'd to thrust him Oi was, sorr, I blowed it owt messil, sorr.—*Judge*.

"She is a very good-hearted girl. Why, you should just see how that girl lavishes presents upon her chaperon and how kind she is to her.

"You call that being good-hearted? I call it being level-headed." — *N. Y. Press*.

Hotel Clerk.—Did you tell that old gentleman from the country that he mustn't blow out the gas, as I told you?

Barnet (new boy)—Yes, sorr; but it's so afear'd to thrust him Oi was, sorr, I blowed it owt messil, sorr.—*Judge*.

"She is a very good-hearted girl. Why, you should just see how that girl lavishes presents upon her chaperon and how kind she is to her.

"You call that being good-hearted? I call it being level-headed." — *N. Y. Press*.

Hotel Clerk.—Did you tell that old gentleman from the country that he mustn't blow out the gas, as I told you?

Barnet (new boy)—Yes, sorr; but it's so afear'd to thrust him Oi was, sorr, I blowed it owt messil, sorr.—*Judge*.

"She is a very good-hearted girl. Why, you should just see how that girl lavishes presents upon her chaperon and how kind she is to her.

"You call that being good-hearted? I call it being level-headed." — *N. Y. Press*.

Hotel Clerk.—Did you tell that old gentleman from the country that he mustn't blow out the gas, as I told you?

Barnet (new boy)—Yes, sorr; but it's so afear'd to thrust him Oi was, sorr, I blowed it owt messil, sorr.—*Judge*.

"She is a very good-hearted girl. Why, you should just see how that girl lavishes presents upon her chaperon and how kind she is to her.

"You call that being good-hearted? I call it being level-headed." — *N. Y. Press*.

Hotel Clerk.—Did you tell that old gentleman from the country that he mustn't blow out the gas, as I told you?

Barnet (new boy)—Yes, sorr; but it's so afear'd to thrust him Oi was, sorr, I blowed it owt messil, sorr.—*Judge*.

"She is a very good-hearted girl. Why, you should just see how that girl lavishes presents upon her chaperon and how kind she is to her.

"You call that being good-hearted? I call it being level-headed." — *N. Y. Press*.

Hotel Clerk.—Did you tell that old gentleman from the country that he mustn't blow out the gas, as I told you?

Barnet (new boy)—Yes, sorr; but it's so afear'd to thrust him Oi was, sorr, I blowed it owt messil, sorr.—*Judge*.

"She is a very good-hearted girl. Why, you should just see how that girl lavishes presents upon her chaperon and how kind she is to her.

"You call that being good-hearted? I call it being level-headed." — *N. Y. Press*.

Hotel Clerk.—Did you tell that old gentleman from the country that he mustn't blow out the gas, as I told you?

Jan. 20, 1894

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

9

## MARJORIE'S MISTAKE

By ADELINE SERGEANT,  
Author of "The Great Mill Street Mystery," "Jacobi's Wife," "Sir Anthony's Secret,"  
"Under False Pretenses," &c., &c.

COPYRIGHTED, 1893, BY THE AUTHOR.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

She turned and faced Jenny Chadwick resolutely.

"Now, Jenny," she said, "you must tell me all you know. My husband has himself told me the story about the shipwreck."

"And about poor Mary!" said Jenny, looking up. "She was going out with her father, you know, ma'am; and Joe—as was her promised husband—was to follow her when they were settled in a few months. But she was lost in the shipwreck; though I daresay it was nobody's fault," she added wistfully, "for uncle was always given to fancies, and maybe he was quite wrong in what he thought."

Marjory's hands clenched themselves at her side in a fierce impulse to strike the girl to silence. The fierceness came from pain and passion only; next moment she cold herself how grateful she ought to be to this bearer of a much-needed warning. But when she heard of the woman from whom Archie had taken the life-belt, as living entities with intentions and longed prospects as dear to her as Archie's had been to him, she felt an almost intolerable pang of anguish. Every detail made his conduct appear the worse. For almost the first time she realized what he was—how selfish, how callous, how treacherous and base! At that moment she hated him, and could have almost said that Jerry Strong was right in seeking to take his life.

But he was her husband after all; and when the first moments of fierce condemnation had passed over she bent all her energies to the task of saving him. For that purpose she questioned Jenny closely as to what she knew of her uncle's purposes.

"I only know that he asked me a lot about Mr. Severne," said Jenny, "and I told him, never thinking as it would do any harm, that he was in the shipwreck, and so on. He didn't put two and two together for ever so long; and neither did I. But at last he saw, and he began to talk about vengeance and all that sort of thing—as he's often done before; only this time I think it was more with a meaning."

"You must tell me exactly—exactly," said Marjory, "everything he said."

"Yes, ma'am; but Mr. Severne—won't he be home soon? You'll excuse my asking; but if he is in London and you could telegraph to him to stay there—"

Marjory's shock whitened. She began to see what Felix had meant by his telegram, and to blame herself for not having insisted upon Archie's staying in London until the Squire's return. What should she do now? Certainly she believed that he would not come that night, for he had an engagement in town; but, of course, it was possible. She was inclined to go up to London herself, and, by seeing him, ensure that he should remain there; it would be better and far more certain if she could herself warn him of the dangers that beset his path. In London he was comparatively safe; at Redwood, or in Southminster, where Jerry Strong might be lying in wait for him at any moment, he would, most undeniably, be in danger.

She sought out a time-table and studied the trains. Unfortunately there were not many trains to London after six o'clock in the evening, and Marjory knew that she could not get down to the station much before eight. The next train would not reach London till after ten; and if Archie had made up his mind to return home that night she could not possibly reach him in time to delay his start. The telegram would be of little use unless a letter. There would be plenty of time to write, so that he should get her communication next morning. So she sat down again calmly and questioned Jenny further as to her uncle's threats.

"My husband will not come home to-night," she said at last, "and I would rather not alarm him by letters or telegrams. I will start myself for London to-morrow morning, and I will tell him all that you tell me. Mr. Hyde will be back also in a day or two; and he will be able to devise some way of keeping your uncle under restraint."

"But he is not mad; you would not put Uncle Jerry into a madhouse, would you?" said Jenny, her eyes grown large with fear.

"It seems to me that he is mad," Marjory answered in a clear, cold tone. "Doctors can decide that better than we can. But, surely," she said to herself, rather than to Jenny, "it will be called a case of homicidal mania, and then Archie will be safe."

She was thinking so deeply that she did not notice how Jenny's color changed, and how shocked an expression had stolen into her blue eyes. But she did see at last that the girl had risen, and was making her way slowly to the door.

"Where are you going, Jenny? I have still a great deal to hear."

"I did not think," said Jenny, with a sob in her voice, "that I should be the means of sending Uncle Jerry to a madhouse. I only wanted to save Mr. Severne—for your sake. But you don't think of me; you only think of Mr. Severne, and it's quite natural, too; but what shall I do if Uncle Jerry is put into an asylum all through me?"

"My dear child," said Marjory, "you don't understand. I am very sorry indeed for your poor uncle, and think he has been cruelly treated; but you don't want him to be a murderer, do you? You know you don't, or you would not have come to me to-night."

"Oh no, no!"

"And if being put under a doctor's care—which is what I meant when I spoke of restraint—would make him give up his terrible desire to kill the man whom he hates, would it not be better?"

"But if he were shut up and could never come out again it would be so dreadful for him! And he would never forgive me."

It was a long time before her tears were dried or Marjory could overcome her scruples. To be "shut up in a madhouse," as she expressed it, seemed indeed a terrible fate to her; and that she should bring it upon her uncle's head was almost more than she knew how to bear. Marjory was afraid to let her go out of the house, lest she should meet her uncle, and by some indiscreet word of warning convey to him a notion of the truth. She therefore invited the girl to stay all night; and Jenny, being by this time nearly worn out with weariness and tears, consented to do so. When at last she was calmer, a meal was prepared for her, and Marjory sat down to her own frugal supper with a mind comparatively at ease, although her heart was heavier than lead.

But she was soon disturbed. Her maid brought upon a tray one of the well known orange-colored envelopes, which are so often the harbinger of woe. Marjory turned pale to the very lips as she took it from the servant. "Lord, madam! Don't be frightened," said her master ain't coming home to-night."

"Why is it so late?" asked Mrs. Severne.

"The boy brought it from Southminster, and says it came just before the office closed, and there's an overcharge for bringing it," said the garrulous Martha. "Shall I give him a shilling, ma'am?"

"Yes, certainly," said Marjory, in an absent tone, as she tore open the envelope and unfolded its pink enclosure. The message was, as she had expected, from her husband.

"Shall come home to-night by train leaving 8.30. Walk from Heath."

She could not understand the message at first. Then she thought of looking at the time-table, which explained matters to some extent. There was no train from London to South-

minster at that hour, but there was one which went as far as Minster Heath, a station nearer to Redwood than Southminster, but little used on account of the infrequency and slowness of the trains. Archie had probably missed the appointment for which he had remained in London, had then felt bored and perhaps unwell, and had resolved to come home, even although he would have a three miles' walk across country, after alighting at Minster Heath. Marjory saw it all quite clearly. He would reach Minster Heath at a quarter past ten, and it was now nearly half-past nine. Was it of any use to stop him at the station, or even halfway on his homeward way? There was a station inn at Minster Heath, where he could sleep there and return to London in the morning; surely that would be the safest plan. She had three quarters of an hour in which to walk the three miles to the station. That was not a very difficult thing to do. And if Archie thought that she had been over-anxious—well, they could walk home together, and no harm would be done. But Marjory had a suspicion that he would be only too thankful to be warned.

She was confirmed in her plan by Jenny's anxiety as soon as she had told the girl, in a few hasty words, the state of the case.

"Oh, please stop him! Please do!" she cried, in a tone of agony. "Please send him back to London. Uncle might be waiting for him at the station or anywhere about, and then—then—"

For the first time Marjory looked at her with a shadow of doubt in her heavy eyes.

"If you know," she said, "if you have even any idea where your uncle is, you must tell me at once, or else the guilty will be on your own head."

"But I haven't; indeed I haven't!" cried Jenny piteously. "I don't know anything but what I've told you. I'll swear it if you like. I only want Mr. Severne to be safe—for you sake, and my uncle, too."

"I hope they will be," said Marjory sombrely, as she flung on a hat and cloak.

"Let me go with you," said Jenny, eagerly. "Oh, please, ma'am, let me walk with you across them lonely fields. It is so wished and queer to be there all by yourself. I can walk as fast as you can; I'll be bound, and we can carry a lantern, too."

There is no time to wait for lantern," said Mrs. Severne. "Come, if you like—yes, I shall be glad of your company. And then I shall know—I shall know what you are doing."

There was a strange vengeful light in her eyes as she suddenly grasped Jenny by the arm. Poor Jenny shrank a little, but she did not speak. She realized a little by the force of sympathy, of what Mrs. Severne must feel, that she should remain there; it would be better and far more certain if she could herself warn him of the dangers that beset his path. In London he was comparatively safe; at Redwood, or in Southminster, where Jerry Strong might be lying in wait for him at any moment, he would, most undeniably, be in danger.

She sought out a time-table and studied the trains. Unfortunately there were not many trains to London after six o'clock in the evening, and Marjory knew that she could not get down to the station much before eight. The next train would not reach London till after ten; and if Archie had made up his mind to return home that night she could not possibly reach him in time to delay his start. The telegram would be of little use unless a letter. There would be plenty of time to write, so that he should get her communication next morning. So she sat down again calmly and questioned Jenny further as to her uncle's threats.

"If you had a husband, Jenny, you would know what it is to have to fight for him."

Jenny still looked so much of a child that Marjory scarcely expected her to grasp the meaning of the words. But it was with all the fervor of womanhood that she replied:

"If I'm not married, I know what it is. I do do anything in the world for the man I love."

It seemed to her as if the words were not her own—as if someone else had spoken them by her mouth; but they revealed the truth to her. They even revealed herself. She loved; and her love was returned. After all, she was one of the happy women of the world.

"Who is he?" said Marjory abruptly, as they went on together.

"He's Joe Barbury, ma'am. Perhaps I oughtn't to speak; but he kissed me to-day, and spoke so that I don't think I can mistake his meaning. He was the man that Mary Strong was to have married."

"Who is he?" said Marjory abruptly, as they went on together.

"He's Joe Barbury, ma'am. Perhaps I oughtn't to speak; but he kissed me to-day, and spoke so that I don't think I can mistake his meaning. He was the man that Mary Strong was to have married."

"Who is he?" said Marjory abruptly, as they went on together.

"He's Joe Barbury, ma'am. Perhaps I oughtn't to speak; but he kissed me to-day, and spoke so that I don't think I can mistake his meaning. He was the man that Mary Strong was to have married."

"Who is he?" said Marjory abruptly, as they went on together.

"He's Joe Barbury, ma'am. Perhaps I oughtn't to speak; but he kissed me to-day, and spoke so that I don't think I can mistake his meaning. He was the man that Mary Strong was to have married."

"Who is he?" said Marjory abruptly, as they went on together.

"He's Joe Barbury, ma'am. Perhaps I oughtn't to speak; but he kissed me to-day, and spoke so that I don't think I can mistake his meaning. He was the man that Mary Strong was to have married."

"Who is he?" said Marjory abruptly, as they went on together.

"He's Joe Barbury, ma'am. Perhaps I oughtn't to speak; but he kissed me to-day, and spoke so that I don't think I can mistake his meaning. He was the man that Mary Strong was to have married."

"Who is he?" said Marjory abruptly, as they went on together.

"He's Joe Barbury, ma'am. Perhaps I oughtn't to speak; but he kissed me to-day, and spoke so that I don't think I can mistake his meaning. He was the man that Mary Strong was to have married."

"Who is he?" said Marjory abruptly, as they went on together.

"He's Joe Barbury, ma'am. Perhaps I oughtn't to speak; but he kissed me to-day, and spoke so that I don't think I can mistake his meaning. He was the man that Mary Strong was to have married."

"Who is he?" said Marjory abruptly, as they went on together.

"He's Joe Barbury, ma'am. Perhaps I oughtn't to speak; but he kissed me to-day, and spoke so that I don't think I can mistake his meaning. He was the man that Mary Strong was to have married."

"Who is he?" said Marjory abruptly, as they went on together.

"He's Joe Barbury, ma'am. Perhaps I oughtn't to speak; but he kissed me to-day, and spoke so that I don't think I can mistake his meaning. He was the man that Mary Strong was to have married."

"Who is he?" said Marjory abruptly, as they went on together.

"He's Joe Barbury, ma'am. Perhaps I oughtn't to speak; but he kissed me to-day, and spoke so that I don't think I can mistake his meaning. He was the man that Mary Strong was to have married."

"Who is he?" said Marjory abruptly, as they went on together.

"He's Joe Barbury, ma'am. Perhaps I oughtn't to speak; but he kissed me to-day, and spoke so that I don't think I can mistake his meaning. He was the man that Mary Strong was to have married."

"Who is he?" said Marjory abruptly, as they went on together.

"He's Joe Barbury, ma'am. Perhaps I oughtn't to speak; but he kissed me to-day, and spoke so that I don't think I can mistake his meaning. He was the man that Mary Strong was to have married."

"Who is he?" said Marjory abruptly, as they went on together.

"He's Joe Barbury, ma'am. Perhaps I oughtn't to speak; but he kissed me to-day, and spoke so that I don't think I can mistake his meaning. He was the man that Mary Strong was to have married."

"Who is he?" said Marjory abruptly, as they went on together.

"He's Joe Barbury, ma'am. Perhaps I oughtn't to speak; but he kissed me to-day, and spoke so that I don't think I can mistake his meaning. He was the man that Mary Strong was to have married."

"Who is he?" said Marjory abruptly, as they went on together.

"He's Joe Barbury, ma'am. Perhaps I oughtn't to speak; but he kissed me to-day, and spoke so that I don't think I can mistake his meaning. He was the man that Mary Strong was to have married."

"Who is he?" said Marjory abruptly, as they went on together.

"He's Joe Barbury, ma'am. Perhaps I oughtn't to speak; but he kissed me to-day, and spoke so that I don't think I can mistake his meaning. He was the man that Mary Strong was to have married."

"A gentleman?"  
"A gentleman. A chap from Southminster, I believe. I've seen him afore. He struck out across the fields."

Marjory's hand involuntarily sought for Jenny's, and Jenny clasped it closely. Both were afraid. "We must go back," Jenny murmured in her ear, but her voice was almost too low to be heard.

"There be somebody a-comin' down the line," said the porter, moving away from them. Mechanically enough, they followed; and they saw a man-signaller or pointsman, who knew what—advancing hurriedly, with shouts and waving arms. They stopped to hear him speak.

"There's been an accident—a murder done, a few hundred yards down the line," he said. "There's two men dead or dying on the rails, and one man's got the other by the throat. If ever I saw murder I should say that I'd seen it now."

And neither Marjory Severne nor Jenny Chadwick doubted for an instant that Jeremiah Strong had met his enemy face to face, and that Archie had paid his debt.

(To be Continued.)

## An Owen Sound Miracle.

The Remarkable Experience of Mr. William Belrose.

Atacked by Malaria Fever, Followed by Par-ticu-lar Paralysis—Physicians Said They Could do Nothing for Him—The Means of Cure Discovered Through Reading a Newspaper.

From the Owen Sound Times.

The Times has published very frequently the particulars of remarkable cures attributed to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These various articles were credited to newspapers of good standing, and there was no reason to doubt their entire truthfulness, but as we had not happened to come across a striking case ourselves we had given the articles but little thought, and perhaps this may also be the case with some of our readers. A few days ago the opportunity was given us to investigate a case, however, which satisfied us, and will satisfy those who read this, that there is a marvelous efficacy in this now celebrated medicine.

It was told us by one of our leading druggists that a well known resident had an experience which fully equaled the wonderful cures of which so much has been published. The citizen referred was Mr. Wm. Belrose, ship carpenter, who has been a resident of this town since 1866. The Times undertook to get the facts from Mr. Belrose in order to satisfy ourselves. He was working in the shipyard and when found was welding the heaviest axe on the grounds, shaping the ribs for a big vessel on the stocks. None of the 300 men engaged in working harder, nor appeared to be enjoying more vigorous health. In reply to a question Mr. Belrose said: "Yes, sir, I would not be using this big axe if I had not taken Pink Pills." The story as briefly told as possible is this: "In 1890, after returning from the Pacific coast, Mr. Belrose went to Chicago where he secured employment in the erection of one of the Phil Armour grain elevators. After being in that city for a short time he was taken with a malarial fever. After a week of suffering the people with whom he was staying spoke of taking him to the hospital, but Mr. Belrose objected. A consultation was held and it was decided that instead of going to the hospital—a place he dreaded—he would take the first train home. His ticket was bought and he was placed on the train. He was so sick that the only incident he could remember in the whole 600 miles' trip was the changing of cars at some junction. He reached home on August 7th, and at once a well known physician was called in. Recovery was slow and it was not

## Music.

No branch of musical education has so radical a change been effected during recent years as in the department of pianoforte instruction. The improvement in public taste in this respect has been quite remarkable, and the rapidly increasing demands for methods based upon artistic principles furnish one of the most hopeful signs of the times. This is due in part to the influence of thoroughly equipped teachers now in the field, and also in no small measure to the growing intelligence of the people, whose improving sense of discrimination is a most encouraging indication of true musical progress in this country. It is being recognized that a pianist's education should consist of thoroughly consistent and modern technical instruction, supported by a proper conception of the beautiful in music, with all that may imply as regards expression, phrasing and general interpretation. It is no longer considered an honor to have a pupil's name associated with some pretentious composition, such as a concerto or some other advanced work, who has not mastered the rudiments of the acquisition of an artistic and musical touch. The comparative artistic merits of a poor performance of a high-sounding work and a musical performance of a more modest composition are gradually being estimated at their proper value. It is decidedly more artistic, for instance, for a pupil to play a cradle-song well than to scramble through a concerto. There is infinitely more art in a part-song well rendered than in an oratorio murdered. It is also more creditable to sing a simple ballad effectively than to "execute" an elaborate aria. In short, it is well to learn to accomplish a small thing satisfactorily before essaying a large task, for upon a good foundation it will be an easy matter to build a strong and lasting structure. It is a worthy ambition which aims at the highest type of the art in whatever sphere and strives nobly to attain to Parnassus, but the mere pretense of teaching or playing works of the most exacting character without first having systematically laid the substructure of a thorough technical and musical culture, is certain to result in disaster. Some of the public efforts of insufficiently prepared pupils of incompetent masters in wrestling with compositions, the identity of which in some cases could hardly be suspected but for the printed name of the work on the programme, go far to prove that the radical change now noticeable in methods of pianoforte instruction is the outcome of a general dissatisfaction with systems which produce such lamentable results.

My comments in last week's issue concerning the imposition practiced upon vocal pupils by teachers who cannot honestly claim even a superficial knowledge of the science of their art, have elicited from several of our leading vocal specialists hearty words of commendation. It is clear from the personal remarks addressed to me by teachers in this important branch of instruction, as also from the contents of several letters since received from prominent voice trainers, that the subject is one which deserves attention at the hands of the profession. It is but natural, perhaps, that so-called vocal teachers who have no method of any kind, or, in other words, whose system of teaching is of the happy-go-lucky character which knows nothing of cause and effect, should sneer at the systematic means employed by successful instructors in artistically cultivating and developing the tones of the human voice. Some amusement has been created among local vocal instructors by the publication of a paragraph in a contemporary defending the aimless methods of incompetents in the sphere of vocal "culture." The writer of the paragraph, who with characteristic courage borrows the *nom de plume* of another writer, pretends, for obvious reasons, to find little merit in the possession of any special knowledge concerning the technique of their art on the part of instructors. The impartial and independent attitude of this journal in fearlessly denouncing humbug in whatever branch of the profession it may exist is, I am pleased to know, meeting with the hearty approval of the better class of musicians in all parts of the province, gratifying evidence of which is continually being received. That such a course should cause restiveness in some quarters is not to be wondered at, nor need one be surprised at the various schemes which from time to time are concocted to stifle honest expression of opinion which should tend to educate the public to guard against imposition of any kind.

At periodical intervals the musical critics of Toronto are "reviewed" and criticized by certain self-constituted inspectors. The review sometimes partakes of the character of a public denunciation, fierce and bloodthirsty while it lasts, while at other times it aims to be more gentle, yet always full of wise admonition. The absurd and transparent charge is now being made against a local critic who, by the way, is a professional musician, and who, to my certain knowledge, has always consistently avoided critical reference to his own name, that any references to his work by other writers on the same journal are influenced and "controlled" by him, etc! The idea of actually controlling an important newspaper is sufficiently exciting to unnerve almost any critic, but so far as I am aware any special mention of the criticized critic's musical work which has appeared in the journal in question certainly was no more favorable than the press reports generally, and was specially arranged for under the supervision of the managing editor and written by an outsider. We may next expect to hear that some of our local critics own the papers upon which they are engaged in a subordinate position. The self-elected reviewers of our critics owe more to the kindness and consideration of the writers upon musical topics in our local papers than they would find it easy to calculate. No honest musician will fear a mild statement of truth concerning his efforts. The continual peppy protests which have become a feature of musical life in Toronto are fortunately confined to such as can least afford frank and impartial comment.

Mr. William George Pearce, who accom-

panied Mons. Alex. Guilmant on his recent tour through the United States and Canada, has written an interesting account of his Canadian experiences with the great French organist, to a Boston contemporary, *The Organ*. Mr. Pearce makes several happy allusions to his brief stay in Hamilton and Toronto, and enlarges upon the profound impression received in Montreal by M. Guilmant's performances upon the organs of Notre Dame and St. Peter's, the former of which is pronounced to be the finest organ in America, and one, "which, as it now stands, will perhaps rival any instrument ever erected." It is hoped that the movement on foot to supply Massey Music Hall with an organ worthy of it and Toronto will be successfully carried out. The plans now being prepared by Messrs. Warren and Son, if adopted, will furnish this city with an instrument of which the citizens may feel proud, the existence of which would do more to popularize organ music in this province than any other agency that could be mentioned.

The statement that Wagner's works lack in melody is thus referred to in a recent issue of the London *Musical Times*: "There are no doubt still some people left who repeat the old parrot cry that there is no melody in Wagner's music. For them even the Meistersinger, with its incomparable wealth of the most entrancing melody, has no charm, and we daresay never will have. Referring to this glorious work a German critic, Herr H. Goering, used a happy simile when criticizing the recent first performance of Ignaz Brull's opera *Check to the King*, which is said to contain numerous reminiscences of the Meistersinger. As the Colosseum in Rome served for centuries as a quarry, so in these days Wagner's works seem destined to become an inexhaustible mine for the coming generation of operatic composers. Fortunately the original work will thereby suffer no harm; on the contrary, this exploitation will be to its advantage, because many will no doubt only thus become aware how much melody it contains."

Miss Norma Reynolds and Master Eddie Reburn have returned to the city after a most successful trip to New York. While in the metropolis Master Reburn sang in the Church of the Holy Apostles on Dec. 31, receiving a very flattering invitation to sing again on the following Sunday. His beautiful and well trained voice and modest manners were generally commented on. Master Reburn also sang at the Masonic Hall on Dec. 29, for the Old Guard. The veterans were delighted with his singing, concerning which the *New York Sunday Advertiser* comments as follows: "Master Reburn's song, Only Tired, by White, was followed by several others. Master Eddie has a fine soprano voice of sweet and flexible volume. He has been starring in Chicago, Buffalo and other cities. The veterans were delighted with the young soloist. Master Reburn also sang with much success at a reception on New Year's Day at Mr. W. J. McDonald's."

The directress of the Belleville Philharmonic Society, Mrs. Eva Rose York, writes me that a change has been decided upon since the forecast of this society's work for this season was published in SATURDAY NIGHT. The first concert of the society was held some time ago, at which Romberg's Lay of the Bell was given with great success. Work has now been begun on McFarran's May Day and Gaul's Holy City, which it is expected will be ready for presentation in April or early in May. Mrs. York informs me that the interest in the society continues to increase, the membership of the chorus now numbering about one hundred and twenty.

Miss Louie May, organist of Knox church, St. Catharines, and her sister, Mrs. W. J. Murray, recently tendered their many friends a musical At Home in Banner Hall in that city. An excellent programme of music, etc., was rendered by Miss Chapman and Miss Blake, pianists; Miss Chapman, violinist; Mrs. J. McIlroy, Mr. Kent, Mr. J. E. Jaques of Bradford, and Mr. Campbell, vocalists. The St. Catharines Evening Star refers to the occasion as a most delightful event, both musically and socially.

The choir of the Church of the Redeemer repeated its success of last month by a second rendition of Gade's cantata Christmas Eve, on Wednesday evening of last week. The singing of the chorus was most satisfactory and highly creditable to Mr. Robinson, choirmaster of the church. The soloists also sang with excellent effect throughout, and the good impression created by the two performances of Gade's melodious work has added materially to the reputation enjoyed by Mr. Robinson's choir and his very efficient solo forces.

A pupils' recital of more than ordinary merit was given at the College of Music on Saturday afternoon of last week. Miss Minnie Topping played the piano part of Beethoven's trio in C minor, and Liszt's Polonaise in E. Miss Birnie contributed a Schubert Impromptu and Moszkowski's Valse in A flat. Gade's sonata, op. 21, for piano and violin, was also given, with Mrs. Lee at the piano. The vocalists were Miss May Taylor and Miss May Flowers. The string parts in the concerted work were played by Herr Klingenfeld (violin) and Herr Ruth (cello).

Mr. W. H. Hewlett's second organ recital for this season, which was held in St. Luke's church on Saturday afternoon, was largely attended by an audience which included a number of our most prominent church organists. Mr. Hewlett played a representative and attractive programme of organ music, embracing works of the leading schools of composition for the King of Instruments. Valuable assistance was rendered by Mrs. Caldwell, the popular soprano, who sang in admirable style Costa's I Will Extol Thee and Adams' Christ-mas Song.

I have received from Signor Giuseppe Dinelli a new composition for pianoforte from his pen, recently published by the well known London house of Forsyth Brothers. In this work, Minuet in G, Signor Dinelli proves his musicianship in an admirable manner. The movement is thoroughly characteristic, being

at the same time melodious and eminently dignified and scholarly in its development. The piece, which is moderately difficult, can be obtained at any music store.

I am informed by the Winnipeg Tribune that the opposition to Mr. Henneberg in that city is confined to a few cranks and not to reputable musicians. I am pleased to learn this, as nothing is more discreditable to the profession than the malignant persecution of new-comers by sore-heads, whose contemptible tactics in some localities deserve the general condemnation which I am gratified to know they receive in Toronto.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp's pianoforte recital on Monday evening next promises to be an unusually interesting event. The pianist will be assisted by Miss Nora Clench, violiniste, and Signor Delasco, basso. The Beethoven Kreutzer Sonata, for violin and piano, a work but too seldom heard in this country, will be among the numbers to be given. Signor Delasco will sing Mr. Tripp's new nautical song, The Salt Sea Foam.

Mr. H. Guest Collins, formerly organist of All Saints' church, Toronto, has been appointed organist of St. David's church, Austin, Texas, and director of the University Glee Club of that city.

The enterprising publishing house of Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. have issued a number of new works which promise to become popular favorites. A song for contralto by Miss Annie Carter, entitled Through All the Years, is a tuneful and clever little composition which should enjoy a large sale. A reverie for piano entitled A Vanished Dream, by the well known Canadian composer, F. J. Hatton, is a work of more than usual merit and will appeal to all classes of musicians, being melodious and musically and not too difficult. A dance movement by the genial Chas. Bohner entitled Dance Hilarity, is what its name implies, being of a lively and exhilarating character, with plenty of snap and a pronounced polka step.

W. O. FORSYTH •  
Pupil of Dr. Carl Reinecke, Herr Bruno Zwintzschner, etc., of Leipzig, Germany. Pianoforte teacher at the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Musical Director of the Ladies' Glee Club, Organist of the Congregational Church. Teacher Piano, Organ, Harmony. Address Toronto Conservatory of Music. Residence, 105 Hallandale Street.

MR. A. S. VOGT  
Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis Street  
Baptist Church  
Instructor of Piano and Organ at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Moulton House and Moulton College  
Residence - - - 603 Church Street

MISS EDITH J. MILLER, A.T.C.M.  
CONTRALTO SOLOIST  
Member of Toronto Ladies' Quartette, Leading Contralto  
Bloor Street Presbyterian Church  
CHURCH AND CONCERT  
Open for engagements. For terms address Toronto Conservatory of Music, or Presbyterian Ladies' College.

MR. J. D. A. TRIPP  
Concert Pianist and Teacher of Piano  
Only Canadian pupil of Mozzakowski, Berlin, Germany, formerly pupil of Edward Fisher. Open for engagements. Toronto Conservatory of Music and 103 Street, Toronto

MISS RUBY E. PRESTON  
MUS. BAC., A.T.C.M.  
Teacher of Piano and Theory  
Address - No. 3 Bellwoods Park, Toronto

W. H. HEWLETT, A.T.C.M.  
Organist Carlton Street Methodist Church  
Address - Teacher of Piano and Organ  
74 Hazelton Ave., or Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MISS NORAH HILLARY  
TEACHER OF SINGING AND PIANO PLAYING  
and Conductor of the Ladies' Choral Club.  
Residence - - - 5 Gloucester Street

CLARENCE LUCAS, Mus. Bac.  
Of the Conservatory of Paris, France.  
COMPOSER AND TEACHER

CLARA ASHER-LUCAS  
Of London Philharmonic Concerts, &c.  
SOLO PIANIST  
Board per year, \$250.  
19 Portland Terrace, Regent's Park, N. W.  
LONDON, ENGLAND

W. H. M. FIELD, Piano Virtuoso  
Pupil of Prof. Martin Krause, Hans von Bulow and Reinecke, solo pianist Albert Halle; concertos; Richard Strauss, conductor, Leipzig; pianist of the Seidi orchestra; tour in Canada, 1892; by invitation of Theodore Thomas, Raymond and Camille Saint-Saens at the World's Fair, Chicago. Concert engagements and pupils accepted.  
Address - 105 Gloucester Street, or Toronto College of Music

W. KUCHENMEISTER  
VIOLIN SOLOIST AND TEACHER  
(Late a pupil of the Raff Conservatory at Frankfort-on-Main, and of Professors H. E. Kayser, Hugo Hermanns and C. Bergscher, formerly a member of the Philharmonic Orchestra at Hamburg, (Dr. Hans von Bulow, conductor.) Studio, Odd Fellows' Building, cor. Yonge and College Streets, Room 13, or College of Music.  
Residence, Corner Gerrard and Victoria Sts. Telephone 980

J. W. F. HARRISON  
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church, Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' Choral Club, Whitby. Teacher of Piano and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Miss Veale's School, Morry House School.  
13 Dunbar Road - - - Resedale

MRS. E. M. FOX  
Teacher of Guitar and Banjo  
Studio at 32 Queen Street East.

LLOYD N. WATKINS  
303 CHURCH STREET  
Thorough instruction on Banjo, Guitar, Mandolin and Zither. Teacher of the Guitar at the Conservatory of Music

HERBERT W. WEBSTER  
CONCERT BARITONE  
Chairman St. Peter's Church, Late of Westminister Abbey, Eng., and Milan, Italy. Instruction in Voice Culture, Opera, Oratorio. Telephone 4227.  
44 Winchester St., or College of Music.  
OPEN TO CONCERT ENGAGEMENTS

MRS. H. W. WEBSTER  
Pupil of Signori Giuseppe and Gantiero, of Milan, Italy, will receive a few pupils for the MANDOLIN. Original Italian method. Apply 64 Winchester St.

GEORGE F. SMEEDLEY  
Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist  
Will receive pupils and concert engagements.  
Instructor of "Varsity" Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club, Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Upper Canada College.  
For terms apply Toronto College of Music, 15 Pownall Street, or residence, 90 Nassau Street.

MISS HEMMING, ARTIST.  
Portraits in Oil and Water Color.  
IVORY MINIATURES A SPECIALTY  
Studio - Room 70, Confederation Life Building.

J. W. L. FORSTER  
Portraits a Specialty  
STUDIO 81 KING ST. EAST

FREDERICK LYONDE  
HIGH-CLASS PHOTOGRAPHER  
STUDIOS AT HAMILTON AND DUNDAS  
We make any kind of a picture that can be made in high class style at a moderate price.

GOUIN FRENCH  
"SERIES METHOD"  
MRS. JENNIE DREWRY, M.E.L.  
(Lately returned for Europe)  
Teacher of French in the Modern Language Department of the Toronto College of Music.

Those desiring to join the classes now being formed may apply to the Registrar of the College of Music or to Mrs. Drewry, 48 Church Street.

Several articles by Mr. Stead, in the *Review of the Review*, show how highly this method is appreciated by educationalists in Europe as the most modern and practical system of acquiring a foreign language.

## SIGNOR LEONARDO VEGARA

Of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, London, Eng., Professor of Singing at the Loretto Abbey and Toronto College of Music.

## SINGING

Grand Opera, Opera Comique, Oratorios. Songs taught in English, Italian, French, German, Spanish. Public introduction to Operatic and Concert Stage in United States and Europe.

## VOICES TRIED FREE

Apply to residence, 588 Spadina Avenue, morning and evenings.

## CITY OFFICE:

WILLIAMS & SON, 143 Yonge Street  
And Toronto College of Music.

## MR. V. P. HUNT

Pupil of Dr. Carl Reinecke, Herr Bruno Zwintzschner, etc., of Leipzig, Germany. Pianoforte teacher at the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Musical Director of the Ladies' Glee Club, Organist of the Congregational Church. Teacher Piano, Organ, Harmony. Address Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Mr. V. P. Hunt  
105 Hallandale Street

MR. H. KLINGENFELD  
CONCERT VIOLINIST AND TEACHER

Open for Concert engagements and a limited number of pupils.  
585 Sherbourne Street  
or Toronto College of Music.

MRS. MARIE M. KLINGENFELD  
Teacher of Vocal Culture, Graduate of the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, will receive a limited number of pupils. Toronto College of Music, or 585 Sherbourne St.

MISS NORMA REYNOLDS  
SOPRANO  
Fellow Toronto College of Music and Undergraduate Trinity University.  
Instructor in Voice Culture, Style and Repertoire  
Toronto College of Music and 86 Major Street.  
Open for concert engagements

W. O. FORSYTH  
Pupil of Dr. Carl Reinecke, Herr Bruno Zwintzschner, etc., of Leipzig, Germany. Pianoforte teacher at the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Musical Director of the Ladies' Glee Club, Organist of the Congregational Church. Teacher Piano, Organ, Harmony. Address Toronto Conservatory of Music.

JOSEPH HUGILL  
304 Wilton Ave.  
VIOLIN MAKER  
and REPAIRER

Over 40 years' experience. Thirty Hand-made Violins and Cellos on hand. Violins bought, sold or taken in exchange by paying difference. Repairing old violins a specialty.

MRS. WILLSON-LAWRENCE  
SOPRANO SOLOIST  
Leading Soprano of the Church of the Redeemer, Member Toronto Ladies' Quartette.

CHURCH AND CONCERT  
Open for engagements. For terms address Toronto Conservatory of Music, or 102 Avenue Head

MRS. FOX  
44 Gerrard Street West  
GUITAR, MANOLIN AND BANJO

MISS MAUD GORDON, A.T.C.M.  
TEACHER OF PIANO  
Conservatory of Music, or 38 Wellcose Street

W. J. McNALLY,  
Late of Leipzig Conservatory of Music, Organist and Choirmaster, Beverley Street Baptist Church,

TEACHER OF PIANO,  
Toronto College of Music or 32 Sussex Avenue.

MISS CARTER,  
TEACHER OF THE PIANO,  
380 Brunswick Avenue

MISS MAUD SNARR, Mezzo Soprano  
Church and Concert Performer  
Apply F. H. TORRINGTON, Toronto College of Music, or 303 Huron Street, City.

Stage and Platform Instruction  
IN ALL IT BRANCHES, BY

MARTIN CLEWORTH  
Amateur Societies Coached, on Special Terms  
Member of Leading English Theatrical and Entertainment Companies

OPEN FOR ENTERTAINMENT ENGAGEMENTS  
ROOM 33  
75 Yonge Street - - - Cor. King and Yonge

LURETTA A. BOWES,  
(Graduate Boston School of Expression)  
ELOCUTIONIST AND GREEK STATUE POSING.  
Engagements made with Churches, Societies, etc. For terms, open date, etc. address

THOS. W

## The Toronto Ladies' Quartette.

The Toronto Ladies' Quartette will give their second annual concert on Thursday evening, January 25, in Association Hall. This organization, which has won golden opinions wherever they have appeared in Canada, including Montreal and Ottawa—having been engaged to sing at Lady Aberdeen's *musical*, and from whom they received the warmest expressions of commendation and praise—is composed of four of our best soloists. Their portraits adorn the front page of this issue. The Ladies' Quartette is an organization of which our citizens may be proud, and we hope they will evince that pride by coming out in large numbers on the 25th. These ladies deserve encouragement in providing a concert of such rare excellence at popular prices. The quartette will be heard in a new and popular programme, and will be assisted by Chevalier A. L. Guille, one of the world's great tenors, the greatest now on this continent. He will be heard in four selections, one the great quartette from *Rigoletto*. Chev. Guille is not unknown in Toronto. He has sung here with Patti and Emma Juch, and on each occasion created a sensation. He was engaged to take a leading part in the production of William Tell last June by the *Orpheus Society*, but through illness was unable to attend. It was a great disappointment then, and his present coming is hailed with pleasure in musical circles. Mr. J. D. A. Tripp will contribute some of his best piano work, and the Toronto String Quartette, composed of some of our best known musicians, will also play. Signor D'Auria will be the accompanist. Altogether the Ladies' Quartette have shown great energy and enterprise in providing such an excellent programme, and richly deserve a crowded house. To-day the plan opens at Nordheimer's for those holding tickets, and on Monday for the general public.

## Social and Personal.

Mrs. and Mrs. Fisher of New Brunswick have recently come to Toronto and have taken up house at 623 Ontario street.

A new-fashioned, or rather very old-fashioned, tea party was given by Mrs. Bosworth of Madison avenue recently. Invitations were for three o'clock, and each lady was requested to come provided with the implements necessary to "tambouring and stitching," as the song has it. About a score of fair dames were invited, who arrived in due form. High tea was served at quartette tables at six o'clock, and everyone thoroughly enjoyed the affair. Soft orchestral music kept time to the merry chatter during the afternoon.

Mrs. Worthington bade good-bye to Toronto on Monday.

Col. and Mrs. G. T. Denison entertain at dinner on Thursday evening next at Heydon Villa.

Mrs. Grace gave a large tea at her beautiful home on Madison avenue on Monday afternoon. In spite of rain and fog a very numerous *coterie* assembled and enjoyed all the more the contrast between the murky, dismal, out-door air and the cosy, lighted parlors. Mrs. Grace was aided in her duties as hostess by Mesdames Porteous and Ross, two bright visitors whom she shall miss sadly when they leave. Miss Mackenzie and Miss Ethel Read, in white dresses, were most attentive and bewitching attendants in the dining-room, where a lovely *buffet* was arranged. Many admiring comments were evoked by the exquisitely embroidered table-cloth and *serviettes*, which never fail to catch the observant eyes of modish housekeepers. Among the ladies present were: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Prince, Mrs. J. E. and the Misses Thompson, Mrs. Fitton, Mrs. Sankey, Mrs. Hilton, Mrs. Beatty, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mrs. H. Thompson, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. Winstanley, the Misses Montgomery, Miss Alice Milligan, Mrs. Read, Mrs. Patterson and many others.

Another large dance is on the *tapis*. The event will take place about the end of the month, and the scene will be in one of the handsome residences near the western lake front.

Mrs. Read of Sussex avenue gave a tea on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Patterson's tea for Miss Naomi Farrell was one of the most enjoyable of the season. A feature of the affair was the unusual number of gentlemen present, honors being even, as a merry *whist-lover* remarked. Mrs. Archie Langmuir and Mrs. H. Robinson poured tea, and the young people made the whole house ring with merry laughter and sweet chatter, as is the fashion of the young men and maid-servants of this and every other day. Some of them were: Miss Rowan of Winnipeg, Miss Sheila Macdougall, Miss Roger, the Misses Mills, Miss F. Lampert, Miss Beatrice Macdonald, Miss Edith Macdonald, Miss Irene Somerville, Miss Clemon, Miss Holmstead, Miss Douglas, Miss E. Patterson, Miss Daisy Ince, Miss Jellett, Miss Mockridge, Miss Connie Temple, and the Misses C. and V. Langmuir.

I have been much struck during several pilgrimages north lately, with the unhappy condition of Avenue road. Seeing that some of the smartest equipages in the city make a good many trips in that direction, could not something be done to render the journey something better than a struggle through a slough of mud or a horror of jolting over ruts and ridges when the mud is frozen to the consistency of iron?

Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne gave a small tea last Saturday afternoon to meet the Wilson Barrett company, who unfortunately did not turn up on account of being detained at the matinee until a late hour. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Miss Hunting, Miss Lila Mackay, Miss Riorian, Miss Gertrude Milligan, Miss Ida Walde, Miss Meredith of London, Miss Walker, and Misses Bunting, Caron, Sidney Small, Wyatt, Beardmore, and Mr. Percival of the Barrett company.

# Kent Bros.' Auction Sale

For over ten months we have been engaged in the successful disposal of one of the most gigantic stocks of Jewelry ever held in Canada. But so enormous has the stock been that, with all the attractions offered, it has been utterly impossible to clear out anything like the whole of the stock, and, as we are compelled to relinquish the occupation of the premises by the 1st MARCH, we find that there is but one way open to us to be prepared to carry out that agreement, and that is by Public Auction.

We will, therefore, commencing on Thursday, the 1st February, and following days, offer all the Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Bronzes, Gold and Silver-headed Canes, Dresden Goods, Fancy Goods and Novelties of every description, by Public Auction, every afternoon and evening, until the whole is disposed of. Every article is of the first quality and purchased in the best known markets in the world.

Our name in the trade for the last TWENTY-FIVE YEARS will be ample testimony, both as to the variety and careful selection of every article offered. As we are retiring absolutely from business, nothing remains but to convert the whole stock into money, and everything will be disposed of without reserve.

No greater opportunity than this has ever before presented itself to the purchasing public, the annals of the trade have never shown its equal. The sale will be personally conducted by MR. CHARLES M. HENDERSON.

The disposal of all the elaborate furnishings, counters, fixtures, etc., will be the closing feature of this great sale.

Particular attention will be given to the comfort and convenience of ladies who wish to attend, and parties living at a distance can have their purchases packed free of charge.

The whole stock will be on view the evening previous to sale, from 8 till 10.30 p.m.

**Kent Bros.**  
168 Yonge St., Toronto

# G. R. RENFREW & Co.

To Her Majesty the Queen

Have always on hand a complete stock  
... of ...

LADIES'  
Seal Skin Garments  
Shoulder Capes  
Ruffs, Muffs  
and Gauntlets

FUR LINDED GARMENTS A SPECIALTY

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES

71 & 73 King St. East, Toronto  
35 & 37 Buade St., Quebec



# "Salada"

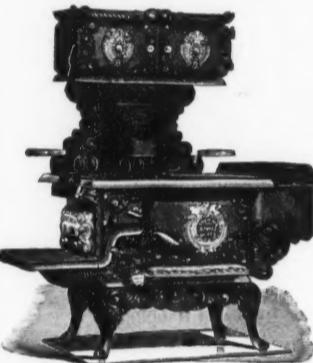
YOU have yet to learn what delicious tea is if you have not tasted "Salada" Ceylon Tea. AT ALL GROCERS. IN LEAD PACKETS. BLACK OR MIXED.

P. C. LARKIN & CO.

Wholesale Agents - - - 25 Front Street East

# "Souvenir" Ranges

-- ARE --  
THE LEADERS



AND ARE UNEQUALLED FOR  
Baking  
Heating Water  
Economy of Fuel  
and Durability

And are well made and handsome. Fitted with  
"Aerated" Oven and Genuine  
Duplex Grate  
EVERY RANGE WARRANTED

MANUFACTURED BY

**The GURNEY, TILDEN CO.**

HAMILTON, ONT.

SOLD BY

W. T. Mullett & Co.	-	-	-	738 Queen Street East
M. Hancock	-	-	-	78 Jarvis Street
F. W. Wilkes	-	-	-	106 Dundas Street
E. W. Chard	-	-	-	324 College Street
J. T. Kinsman	-	-	-	371 Yonge Street
A. Maas	-	-	-	534 Queen Street West
A. G. McIntyre	-	-	-	466 Queen Street West
James Ivory	-	-	-	638 Queen Street West
J. T. Wilson	-	-	-	168 Queen Street West

TRINITY UNIVERSITY AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB

... Grand Opera House ...

Friday and Saturday, January 26 and 27

WITH SATURDAY MATINEE

F. C. BURCHARD'S three-act comedy,

- BETSY -

Preceded by G. C. HERBERT'S charming drama,

Our Bitterest Foe

Plan open for subscribers ONLY, January 23, at 10 a.m.

To general public on following dates.

Prices—25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00

**CANADIAN PACIFIC Ry.**

Winter Carnival

QUEBEC

January 29 to February 3, '94

Will sell round trip tickets from points Toronto and East to Quebec city for

SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE

Good going January 26 to February 1, inclusive.

Return until February 7, 1894

Secure Programme of Events from

**TORONTO TICKET OFFICE  
I KING ST. EAST.  
COR. YONGE STREET.**

Association Hall, Thursday, January 25

TORONTO LADIES' QUARTETTE CONCERT

Assisted by Cav. A. L. GUILLE, the celebrated tenor, and THE TORONTO STRING QUARTETTE.

J. D. A. TRIPP, Pianist

Tickets 50c. Plan at Nordheimer's, Monday, January 22, at 10 a.m.

BOOKING AGENT WANTED

BY JANUARY 1, 1894

111 Shuter Street

CANADIANS....

To escape the Long and Tryng Winters

CHIMO BLUFF

BALDWIN, ALA.

A health invigorating resort. Terms reasonable. For

further particulars apply to THOS. A. ROBINSON, MARLOW, ALA.

NEXT THE MAIL BUILDING

FURNITURE

58 KING ST. W. SUPPLY CO., LTD.

Sole Agents for Toronto, Montreal and Manitoba for The Canadian Office and School Furniture Co., Ltd., Manufacturers of Office, School, Church, Lodge and Opera Furniture.

World's Fair Views

From One Dollar Per Dozen

A FINE COLLECTION OF

LANTERN SLIDES OF THE WORLD'S FAIR

for Sale or to Rent for Exhibitions.

MICKLETHWAITE'S GALLERY

Cor. King and Jarvis Sts., Toronto

**H. STONE & SON, Undertakers**

CORNER OF ANN STREET

TELEPHONE 931

## DENTISTRY.

**D. McLAUGHLIN, Dentist**  
Cor. College and Yonge Streets. Tel. 4300  
Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth.

**RIGGS' MODERN DENTISTRY**  
We employ only the very latest and best approved methods and appliances in all our dental operations. Our work in gold filling, crowning, and bridging is distinguished for its finish, beauty and great durability.

**DR. C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge Streets**  
Over the new C. P. R. Offices.

**MALCOLM W. SPARROW, L.D.S.**  
DENTIST  
Central Dental Parlor, N. W. cor. Spadina & Queen Sts., Special attention paid to painless operating. Toronto.

**C. A. RISK DENTIST**  
Graduate and Medalist of Royal College of Dental Surgeons  
86 Yonge Street, near King  
Special attention given to the preservation of the natural teeth.

**DR. CHAS. J. RODGERS, Dentist**  
Odds Fellows' Building, cor. Yonge & College Sts.  
Office Hours: 9 to 6.

**DRS. BALL & ZIEGLER DENTISTS**  
Offices, Suite 23 "The Forum," Yonge and Gerrard Sts.  
Hours, 9 to 5. Telephone 2232.

**DR. HAROLD CLARK DENTIST**  
15 King Street West (Over Hooper's Drug Store), TORONTO.

## MEDICAL.

**Dr. J. J. Gee**

Consultation Hours—11 a.m. to 2 p.m., 6 to 8 p.m.

TELEPHONE 105

Address—315 Jarvis St., cor. Gerrard.

**DR. G. STERLING RYERSON, L.R.C.S.E.**  
60 College Street, Toronto  
Consultation Hours—9 to 2.

**D. R. A. ORR HASTINGS**  
Cor. Selby and Sherbourne Streets  
Office Hours—8 to 10 a.m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p.m.  
Telephone No. 3816

**A. M. ROSEBRUGH, M.D.,**  
EYE AND EAR SURGEON  
137 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

**D. R. ANDERSON**  
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist  
Telephone 510. No. 5 College Street, Toronto

## EDUCATIONAL.

**DO YOU?**  
Want a thorough business education or a course to shorten and to perfecting.

Attend the CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets, Toronto, or the Central Business College, Stratford.

**Social and Personal.**

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 10, an assembly was given by the Bachelors of Tweed in the spacious and handsome hall of Mr. G. W. Detlor, the leading merchant of that place. Miss McCann, in a handsome black silk gown trimmed with lace and gold ornaments, and Miss Bowell, niece of the Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, in a becoming *creme* silk with lace and roses, received, and made all feel welcome by their gracious and kindly manner. They were assisted by Mr. G. W. Detlor and Mr. W. J. Taylor, publisher and editor of the *Tweed News*, who saw that every one's wants were attended to. A number of the beauty and fashion of Madoc were present, among whom were Miss Coe, who looked very charming in a rich pink satin with velvet trimming; Mrs. Aylesworth, Miss Bass, Mrs. George Brown, Mrs. Bass, Miss Maybee, Mrs. Weis, and Miss Frankie Bass, the youngest daughter of the merry number, whose charming appearance in her cream nun's veiling with pale blue trimming was spoken of by many. From Tweed many were present, who looked very attractive and whose costumes were very becoming. The following were noticed among the number: Mrs. R. S. Richardson, Mrs. Jas. Finley, Jr., Misses M. McCann, Graham, A. Porter, B. May, Robinson, Houston, M. Houston, Cannif, Stella McCann and Wilson, also Mrs. P. C. Clairmont, Miss McCabe of Trenton, Miss Quayle of St. Mary's and Miss Smith of Kingston, and many others. Among the gentlemen from a distance were: Messrs. Ed. Crass, K. Stewart, Ed. Brough, Chas. Tumely and Lou Weiss of Madoc, Dr. Rutton of Toronto, and R. N. Porter of Detroit, and several others who helped materially in making the evening a success. The hall was splendidly arranged and a not too lengthy programme of dances was greatly enjoyed to the enticing strains of Prof. Chalaupka's orchestra of Belleville, while several cosy nooks were liberally patronized by those who preferred the pleasure of a *tete-a-tete* to the delights of the terpsichorean art.

Lodge St. Albans, No. 76, S. O. E., held its first meeting this year on Friday evening of last week, in St. George's Hall, Elm street, every available seat in the room being occupied. It being installation night, P.S.G.P. Bro. R. Ivens, acted as installing officer, assisted by Supreme Secretary Bro. Carter and Bro. Barker, P.D.D. Among the visitors were: Bros. E. Cashmore, D.D. (East Toronto); Lomtnit, W.P. Birmingham; Clatworthy, W.P.; Cheltenham; Young, P.P.; Mercantile; Howell, P.P.; Avondale. At the close of a most interesting session a vote of condolence was passed, expressive of heartfelt sympathy with Bro. E. M. Horswell (retiring president) and Bro. J. H. Horswell, P.P., in the great loss they have sustained by the death of their beloved mother. The installing officer then presented Br. E. M. Horswell with a P.P. jewel as a token of the Lodge's appreciation of his faithful and energetic services during the past year, in response to which Bro. Horswell made a very fitting reply. Addresses were also delivered by the installing officer upon the past and future success of the Lodge, and kind words of reference were made to the departed brother, R. Caddick, P.S.G.P., and words of encouragement were also expressed by Supreme Secretary Bro. Carter. After the closing of the Lodge an adjournment was made to the dining-room where a most *recherche* supper had been prepared, to which one hundred and forty-two visitors and brethren did right royal justice. After supper a return was made to the lodge room, where President Lear had another surprise in store by his preparation of a lengthy and talented programme, which was carried out to the letter until two a.m. Among the artists who deserve special mention were: Mr. Scott, ventriloquism and legerdemain performances; comic songs in character by Mr. E. B. Pigott and Bro. Finch; mandolin solos, Mr. Fletcher; recitations by Bro. Tom M. White, Bro. Captain Andrews and Mr. Will Norris; concertina selections by Bro. Watts and sentimental songs by Mr. Chas. Walter. Special mention should be made of that talented young pianist, Mr. Will Harrison, to whom in a great measure the success of the evening was due.

Mrs. Langmuir of Tyndall avenue entertained a few friends at dinner on Friday evening, to meet Mr. H. Bloodgood, who is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir.

Mrs. Eber Ward gave a small dinner on Wednesday of last week, at which Mr. Bloodgood was also the guest of honor.

Miss Nordheimer is convalescent, after a rather severe attack of the grippe. She received with her mother on Friday last, in a sweetly pretty white cloth gown touched with gold.

On Tuesday evening, January 9, the hospitable doors of Lynhurst, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Plummer, were thrown open to about seventy guests, who assembled in various gay and fanciful costumes and enjoyed one of the most delightful dances ever given in Sault Ste. Marie. The Italian harpers from the Sault, Michigan, were heard at their best. The floor was, as usual, all that could be desired, and a dainty supper was served at the usual hour. The variety of pretty and original costumes was a surprise to all, the gentlemen especially deserving great credit for their "get-ups." Cynical Mephistopheles waltzed gaily with a chic milk-maid; the clangor of Columbus' sword mingled with the bells of Folly; a summer dude and a dainty Watteau, oblivious of congruity, promenaded in company. Peasants, cavaliers, soldiers, etc., clad in every conceivable color, lent a brightness and pictur-esque to the scene which will be long remembered by all who were so fortunate as to be spectators of the pretty sight. The hostess herself was not in costume, but wore a handsome gown of black lace over pale blue. Mrs. Abbott looked well as Night, in black tulle and stars; Miss Burden wore a fanciful Watteau costume and was *poudre*; Miss Jessie Burden, made a capital milk-maid and carried a bright tin pail; Miss Beach, as a Court Lady, wore a becoming gown of black and orange; Mrs. P. C. Campbell made a most successful Martha Washington; Mrs. Cozens was a pink rose and wore pink and green, the bodice being green, tapering off into long petals over pink

Miss Alice Hutchinson of Rose avenue, whose health is greatly improved returned to Whitby on Monday to resume her studies at the Ontario Ladies' College. She was accompanied by Miss Acheson of Goderich, who has been her guest for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Sparrow have taken up their residence at No. 27 Macpherson avenue, where Mrs. Sparrow receives her friends on every second and fourth Wednesday.

A delightful tea was given on Friday afternoon by Miss Proudfoot for married ladies. The young people, inspired by the latest additions to their ranks, had a gala season so far. There have been scores of luncheons, teas, dinners and dances in their honor and for their delight. But now and then, with all their charms, they are *taboo*, and the more advanced ranks of the married take the precedence. Such occasions lose nothing of *verve* and brightness, for it goes without saying that the conversation and aplomb of the mar-

Always  
Low  
Prices

**WALKER'S**  
33-43 KING ST. EAST.

High  
Grade  
Goods

**WINTER CLEARING SALE**

These are the middle days of the Great Sale, and every Department bristles with the smartest bargains in the city. Prices are low: quality always the best.

**Dress Goods**

**Silks and Satins**  
**Velvets and Plushes**

**Mantles, Cloaks, Wraps and Jackets**

Fashionable Garments. Some great snaps in fur-lined and fur-trimmed goods.

**Boots and Shoes**

The most fashionable and seasonable and best makers for Ladies', Gents' and Children's.

**Gloves, Hosiery & Underwear**

The balance of the Woolen Stock is being simply slaughtered. We don't intend carrying a line over.

**R. WALKER & SONS, 33-43 KING ST. EAST**



**THE EXTERNAL REMEDY FOR Rheumatism, Sciatica and Nervous Diseases.**

Mention this Paper.

**REV. ALEX. GILRAY,**  
College Street Presbyterian Church, writes:

Dear Sirs,—

It is with much satisfaction that I learn that you have decided to establish a branch office in Toronto, believing as I do, that the more widely your Acetic Acid remedy is made known, the greater will be the gratitude accorded to you for the relief experienced by many sufferers in Canada. We have used your acid for over eighteen years and are now prepared to state that it is worthy of a place in every family. We have found it thoroughly safe and effective and have commended it to many—for we have been thanked. We wish you success in your great work, as we trust your success will bring relief here as it has already done to large numbers in the old land and other countries. Much will depend on the patient and persevering use of the Acid as set forth in your little book.

ALEX. GILRAY, 91 Bellevue Avenue.  
Toronto, 26th Nov., 1893.

For pamphlet and all information apply to  
**COUTTS & SONS, 72 Victoria St., TORONTO.**

ried women surpasses that of the girl. And who cannot select half a dozen of the former, to listen to any one of whom is a "liberal education?"

Miss Maud J. Allan of McCaul and St. Patrick streets entertained about twenty of her friends last Thursday evening. She was assisted in receiving her guests by her sister, Mrs. A. J. Ralston of Hamilton.

The Misses Dougherty gave a very pleasant party on Thursday evening of last week, in honor of their friend Miss Byrne, of Barrie, who is visiting in the city.

**A Gigantic Auction Sale**

OF THE ENTIRE JEWELRY STOCK OF KENT BROS. Kent Bros., jewelers, and their Indian Clock, have been one of the landmarks of Toronto for over 25 years. The business capacity of the firm has been proved by their success, and the fact that a few years ago they erected what was the finest store of its kind in the city. When the Simpson syndicate took over the block at the southwest corner of Queen and Yonge streets, Kent Bros. sold their building among the rest. The firm is accordingly bound to deliver over the property by March 1, and in order to do so they must clear out their entire stock by auction. They have engaged Mr. C. M. Henderson to conduct the sale, and on Thursday, February 1, the auctions will begin, running throughout the entire month, afternoon and evening. Special and most comfortable accommodation will be provided for the ladies.

Now, as to the stock: It consists of diamonds, watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, brooches and all classes of novelties purchased at the best markets of the world. The sale is to be genuine, in the sense of the term, and ladies and gentlemen have only to attend and bid in order to get anything in this magnificent stock at their own figures.

**Carnival Week at Quebec**

The ancient and historic citadel will at the commencement of next month be in the throes of carnival gaieties—gaïties which to Torontonians of the present generation read like fairy tales. No city in Canada has the natural advantages of Quebec, with its ancient streets, buildings and customs, the dim lights of torches, the picturesque customs of the revelers, the falling snow, or the clear, cold weather, the babbling of many tongues. Verily a carnival city. Toronto society circles seem to have entered fully into the idea and many parties have been arranged.

The railway companies are heartily co-operating with the carnival management, the Canadian Pacific Railway offering reduced rates for visitors to the Carnival City from Toronto and points east. Winter sports will



**HE MASON & RISCH**  
PIANOS are the instruments of the cultured.

To be without one is to be without a main factor in musical enjoyment. Tone, touch and workmanship are perfection. We solicit correspondence, and will mail illustrated pamphlets and price lists containing valuable information on application.

**The MASON & RISCH PIANO CO., Ltd.**  
32 King Street West

there be seen to their best advantage, the championships of Canada—we may say the world—in many branches being included in the programme. None of the time honored proceedings of carnival week will be forgotten, combined with many novelties. The Quebecers are doubly fortunate in having the active support of Montreal's citizens in social and sporting circles. Programmes of events may be had at the Canadian Pacific Railway offices, 1 King street east, or 30 York street.

**Deaths.**  
**MOURE-BERTHOU**—Jan. 17, Ferdinand Albert Moure de Berthou.  
**EVANS-DORLAND**—Jan. 8, W. M. Evans to Luella Durand.  
**MCGREGOR-WOLFF**—Jan. 11, George McGregor to Leslie Wood Wolff.  
**STEPHEN-BARR**—Jan. 10, George L. Stephen to Mary L. Barr.  
**HARPER-MCKENZIE**—Jan. 10, George Harper to Emily McKenzie.  
**ROSS-TEMPLETON**—Jan. 4, Caleb Ross to Kate G. Templeton.

**A Common Error.**

**Chocolate & Cocoa** are by many supposed to be one and the same, only that one is a powder, (hence more easily cooked), and the other is not.

This is wrong—

TAKE the Yolk from the Egg,  
TAKE the Oil from the Olive,  
What is left?

**A Residue.** So with COCOA.

In comparison,  
**COCOA** is Skinned Milk,  
**CHOCOLATE**, Pure Cream.

**ASK YOUR GROCER FOR CHOCOLAT MENIER**  
If he hasn't it on sale, send your address to Menier,  
Canadian Branch, 12 & 14 St. John Street, Montreal.

**YORKIE**—Jan. 14, Laura Yorkie.

**MURDOCH**—Jan. 14, Margaret Murdoch, aged 78.

**GORMAN**—Jan. 14, Mrs. Gorman, aged 79.

**STEWART**—Jan. 14, Alexander Stewart, aged 79.

**CULLEN**—Jan. 14, Peter Cullen, aged 71.

**HOUGH**—Jan. 14, Thomas Hough, aged 84.

**MCDAUL**—Jan. 14, Anne Jane McCausland.

**GRAHAM**—Jan. 16, Mary F. Graham, aged 23.

**HOBSON**—Jan. 16, Marion Hobson, aged 17.

When selecting a Piano...

**INSIST ON GETTING A HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO**

They are acknowledged by all to be the best in the market.

**HEINTZMAN & CO., 117 King Street West**

**These Hard Times**

You can economize by having your suit or dress cleaned or re-dyed by the B. A. Dyeing Co. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.**

**GOLD MEDALIST DYERS**  
TORONTO OFFICES—90 King St. East, 458 Queen St. West, 456 Yonge St. Telephone 1960.

**STAMMERING** Permanently cured. Terms not exorbitant. Cure guaranteed in all cases. London, Principal Suite, Room 64, Yonge St. Arcade. G. W. Linton, Principal.

**Barlow Cumberland**

General Steamship and Tourist Agency WHEREVER DESIRED

Bermuda, Nassau, California, Florida, Cuba, Jamaica, Mexico, West Indies, etc., Rio Janeiro, Madrid, Paris, Egypt, Palestine, etc. By route required. Personally conducted or independent tours, as passengers may elect.

COOK'S TOURIST OFFICE. Agency Canadian and New York Trans-Atlantic Lines, Trans-Pacific Lines, Mediterranean Lines and South American Lines, together with every system of transportation in any part of the globe.

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

**BERMUDA**

Forty-eight hours from New York

**BARBADOS TRINIDAD** And other West India Islands every ten days.

**SPECIAL CRUISES** Jan. 10, Feb. 17, March 24

**RED STAR LINE** U. S. Mail Steamer

New York to Antwerp and Paris Wednesdays and Saturdays. Highest-class steamers with palatial equipment. Excursion tickets valid to return by Red Star Line from New York, or Liverpool, or London, Southampton or Havre. Ask for "Facts for Travelers."

**BARLOW CUMBERLAND** General Steamship and Tourist Agency 72 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

Take the Old Reliable and Popular

**CUNARD**

S. S. LINE.

**EUROPE** Agent also for Allan, State, Dominion, Beaver, Hamburg, Netherlands, Wilson and French Lines.

**A. F. WEBSTER** King and Yonge Sts.

**BEFORE REMOVING TO China Hall**

Our New Premises

We offer SPECIAL PRICES on all goods now open.

**Wedding Gifts a Specialty****JUNOR & IRVING**

Tel. 2177 109 King St. West

**The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.****Births.**

FITZGERALD—Jan. 8, Mrs. J. G. Fitzgerald—a daughter.

SNOW—Jan. 11, Mrs. A. J. Russell Snow—a son.

HARRISON—Jan. 13, Mrs. Arthur Harrison—a son.

ROBINSON—Jan. 13, Mrs. J. Robinson—a son.

CARLIN—Jan. 11, Mrs. W. T. Carlin—a daughter.